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SICK

30¢

PDC

AT THE HIPPIE SCENE

(also the hippies at the sick scene)

**HAPPINESS IS
A WARM POPPY!**

**HOW TO LIVE IN
HAIGHT ASHBURY
ON \$5 A YEAR**

EXTRA!

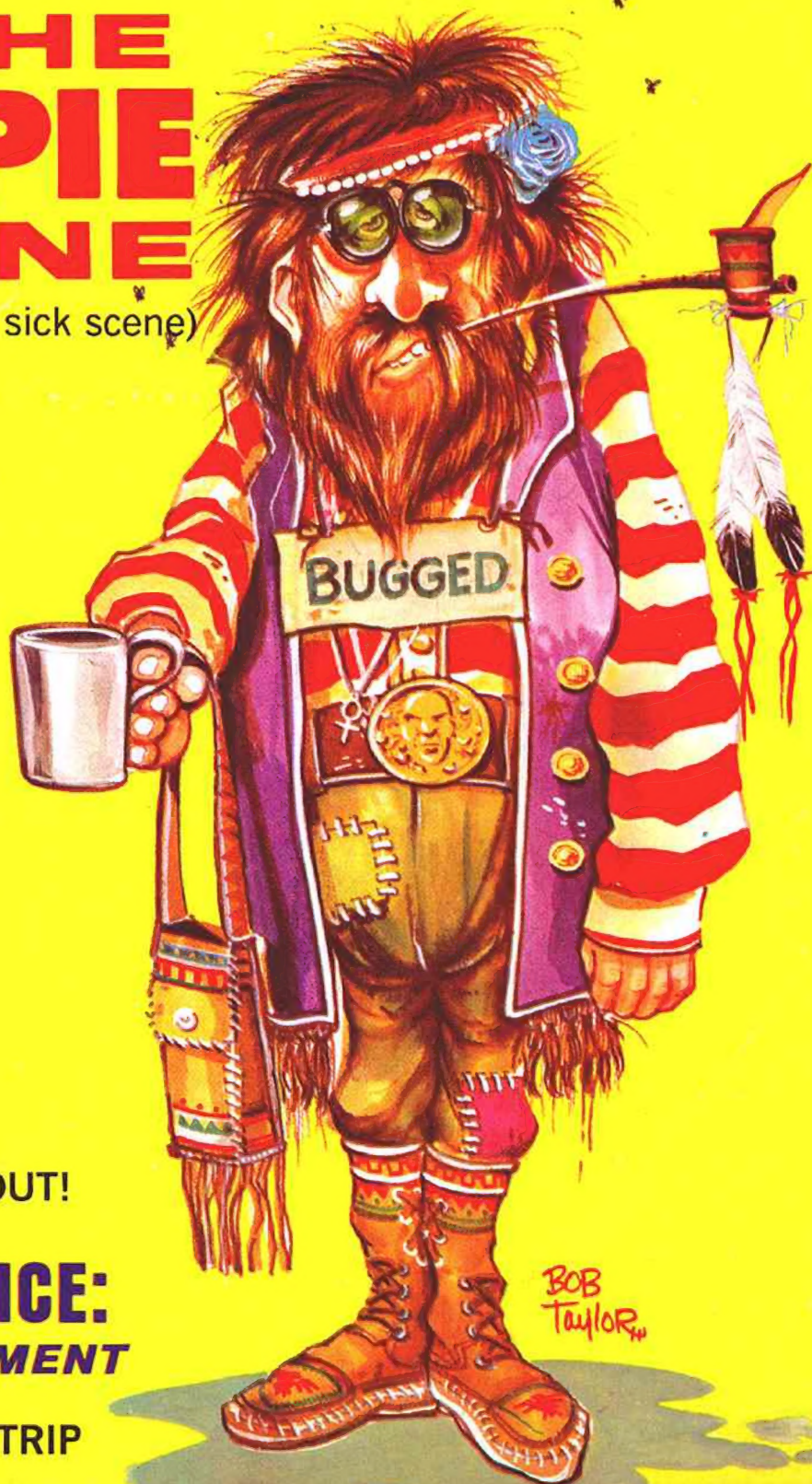
**A PILL MORE
POWERFUL
THAN LSD: LBJ!**

EXCLUSIVE:

TIMOTHY LEARY IS A DROP-OUT!

**LSD AND PRUNE JUICE:
THE NEW HIPPIE MOVEMENT**

WHAT TO PACK FOR AN LSD TRIP



DOCTOR JEKYLL AND THE HIPPIES



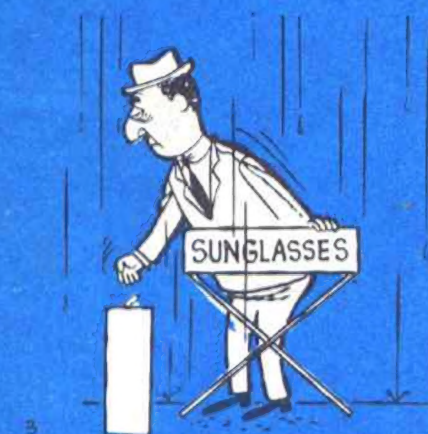
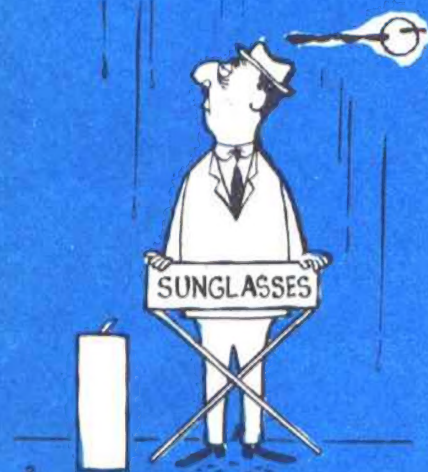
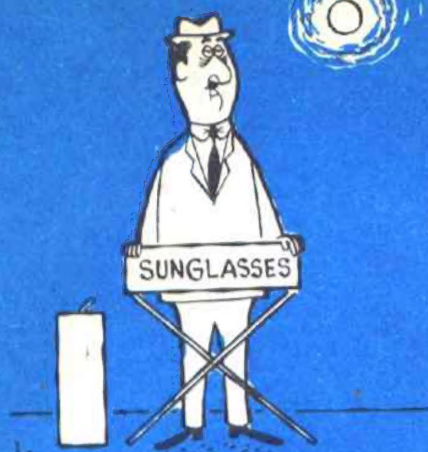
SICK



Volume 8, No. 2

February, 1968

No. 58



SENSATIONALISM IN CHILDREN'S BOOKS

With the ever-increasing accent on sex in TV and movies, and with the introduction of sex education in the school-room, it won't be long before the effect is felt on kiddie literature. Soon the little tykes might be reading nursery stories that have been slightly revised. Like "Jack and Jill Meet Fanny Hill." And "Puss In Boots" is bound to be a best-seller when they retitle it "Lady Catterly's Liver!"

4

A FUN FREAKOUT FEATURING:

Our Sick-A-Delic writers, Fred Wolfe, Paul Laikin and Bill Majeski, who rip the hip scene apart by its shoddy seams, in a "Battle of the Gagsters" that is sure to be as popular as a flower-power hippie handing out goldenrod in a hay-fever ward. From the West Coast's Haight-Ashbury district, cartoonist Bob Taylor flew in specially to contribute his talent to this epic. And he really made great time. His trip took him six hours—and two sugar cubes!

9

HIPPIES IN SUBURBIA

The Westchester squires are blowing their split-level minds as hippies invade their suburban sanctum. Things start swinging right away, as the hippies mow their neighbor's lawn—and proceed to smoke it!

18

MOVIE REVIEW

"The Dirty Dozen." No, these aren't 12 forbidden snapshots of Everett Dirksen in a topless Senate session. The title refers to a movie dealing with a dozen mixed-up, violent, anti-social delinquents, who attempt to blow up the entire German High Command. In other words, it's the story of the typical kids in Fun City.

45

SICK THEORIES OF EVOLUTION

Did man come from monkeys? Our editor came close to answering this age-old debate, but, unfortunately, his tail got caught in the typewriter. However, we've come up with a typically Sick tid-bit about the development of man. We really wanted to get material on the development of woman, but the Maidenform files are still top-secret!

28

Joe Simon, Editor...

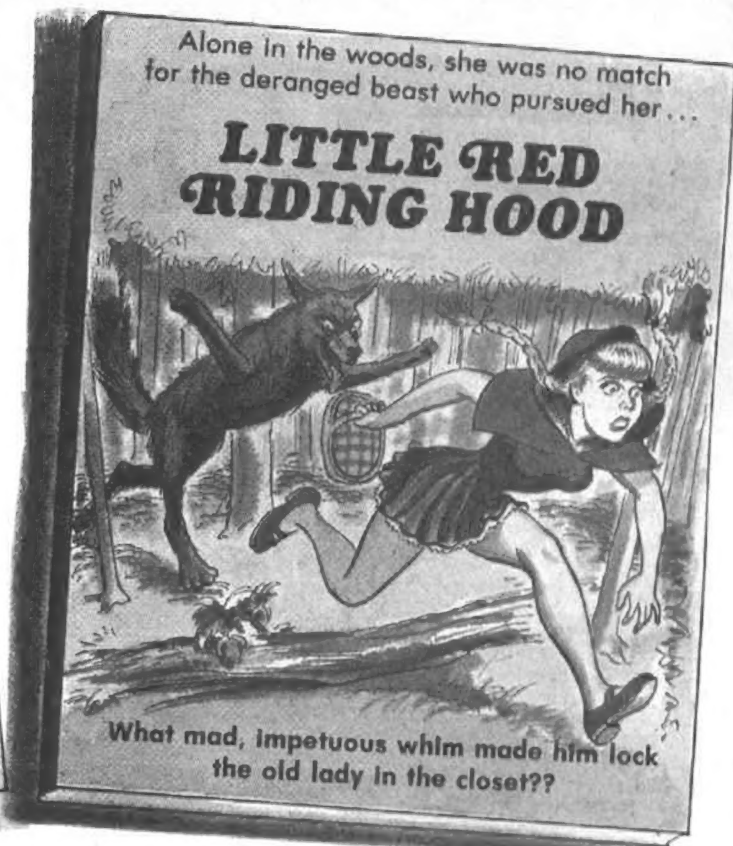
Fred Wolfe, Associate Editor

Paul Laikin, New York Correspondent... Jim Atkins, Washington Correspondent

James Richard, Campus

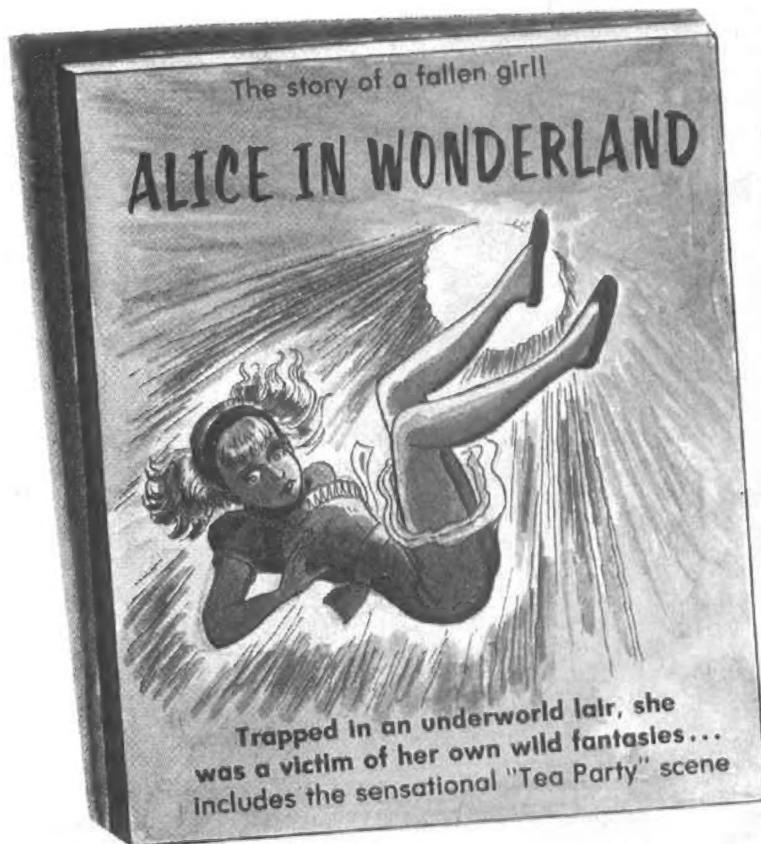
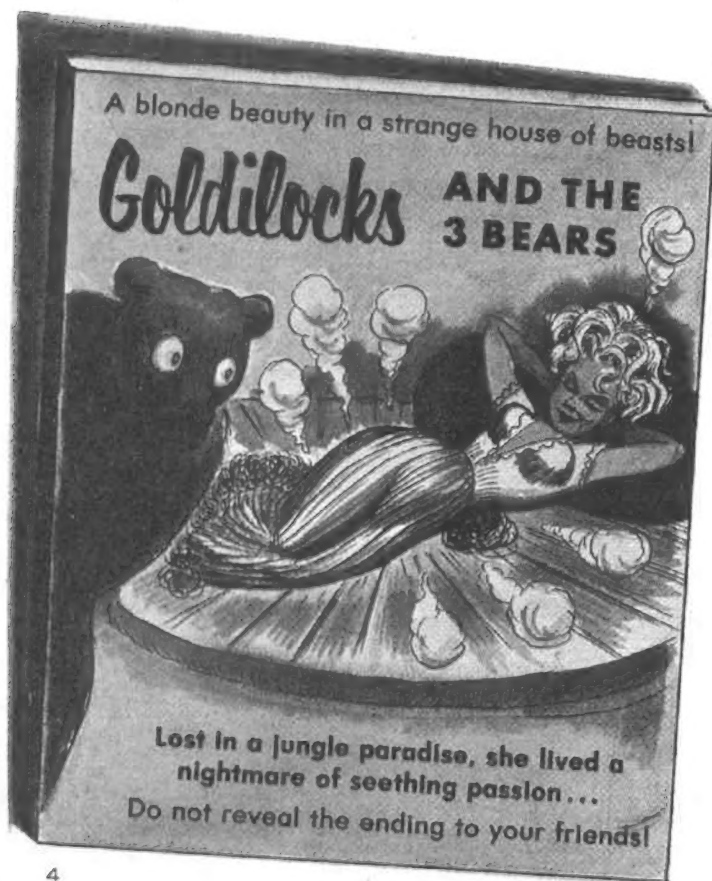
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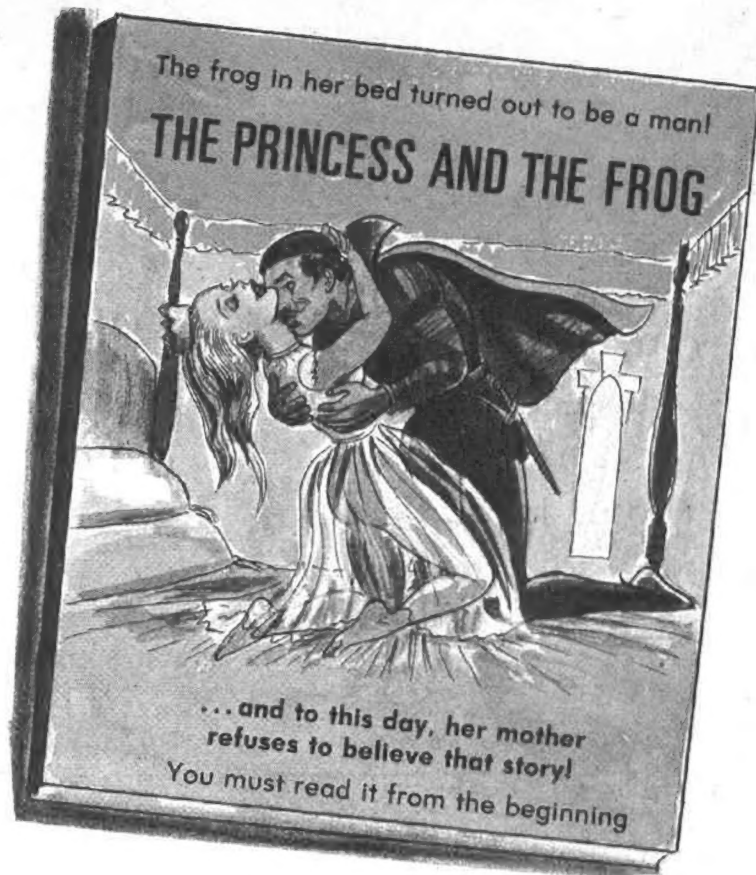
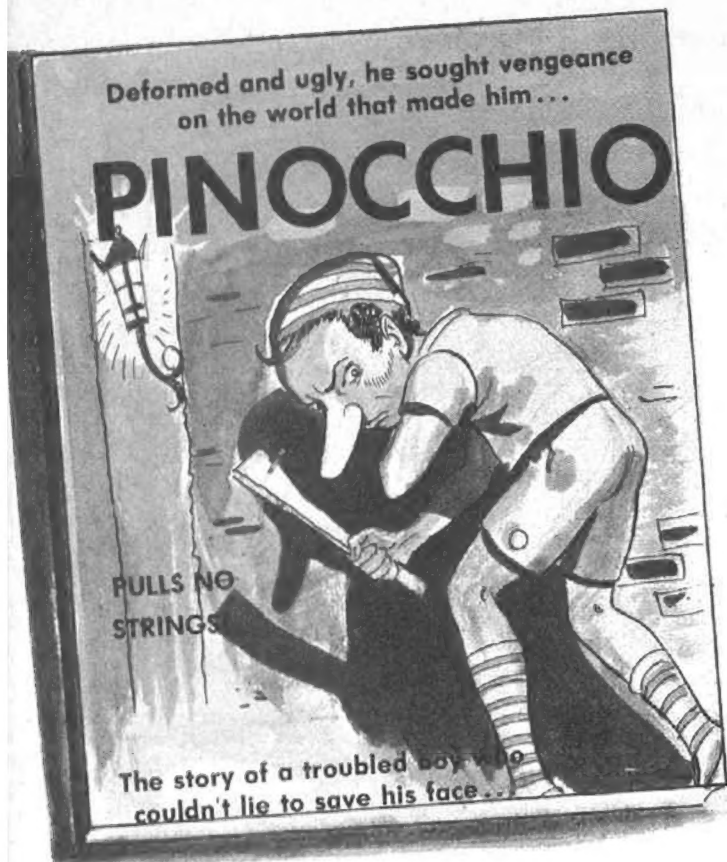
Jack Scott, West Coast
Angelar Torres, Pa.
Lynn Lichty, Ohio
Bob Elliott, Space
Fran Dibacco, Science
Ivan Golownjew,
Moscow



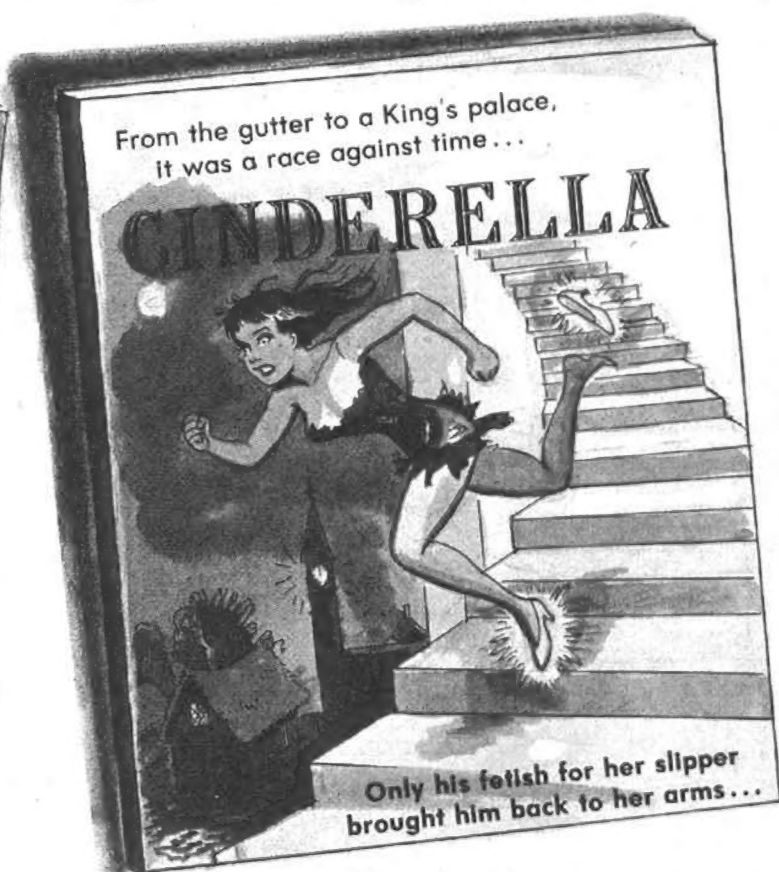
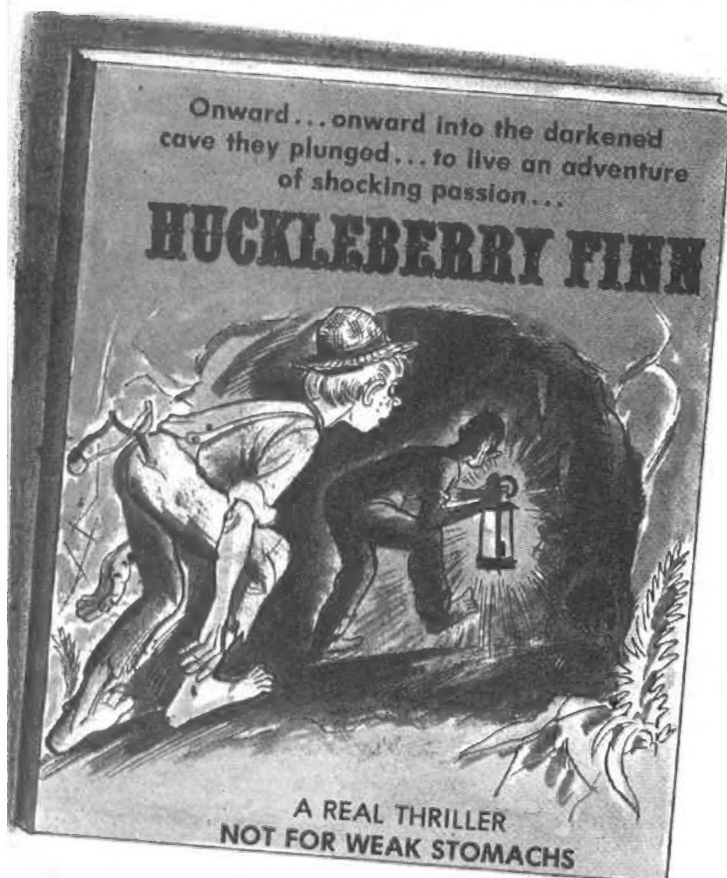
With Hollywood movies getting more sensational in efforts to draw people away from TV, children are now being exposed to a lot of sex and violence on the screen. This sensationalism may soon spread to children's books—as publishers will figure that's a good way to get the kids to read them. Should this happen, we may soon see these...

SENSATIONAL





CHILDREN'S BOOKS



A tale of today's flighty youth!

PETER PAN



He was always high, the boy they called "The Swinger"...

A real life farmer's daughter...

REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARMS



You Must Read The "Haystack" scene!

A GIANT OF A STORY!

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK



Upward... upward he climbed...
where no one had ever gone before...
WILL LEAVE YOU GASPING FOR MORE!

Bodies of adults, minds of children

LITTLE WOMEN



The story of troubled youth
and their frantic search for kicks...
EVERY PAGE A SHOCKER!

He tried to lead his people out of
the rat-infested slums...

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN



a story so bold and so daring,
you'll want to run away from home!

The UNCENSORED Version
Banned in Disneyland as indecent!

MOTHER GOOSE



TALES OF VIOLENCE AND DEGRADATION

SICK- CERELY YOURS:



Your Arab Israeli version in the November issue of "Sick" makes me deathly ill. Not everyone is sucked in by the imposed one sided Zionist propaganda. Man's inhumanity to man has always caused countless thousands to mourn. This is even more "sickening" when one realizes that it was not the Arab that did the Western injustice. Is the extensive and continued malignment of Arab people the true religion of Judah? No, it is the will of a few power happy fanatics.

Believe me, the blistering remarks, the vicious adjectives and oh, those withering cartoons made about the Arab people would not be permitted by the Anti Defamation League if it were not to the benefit of the league members. The League bears watching!!!!

Caution!!!! As long as we have this abnormally "sick" attachment to one foreign nation (which Israel is) this great country that we live in can have no effective policy in the strategic Third World.

Grace Kidd
Rockford, Illinois

Ed: Are you kidding? Nasser reads Sick all the time. Where do you think he got his battle strategy, from Readers Digest?

The truth about your magazine: 1. It's rotten. 2. It's sick. 3. It's terrible. 4. It's trash. 5. It's not funny in the least. With your warped minds, you may take this as a compliment.

Michael Chwan
Paterson, New Jersey

Ed: This letter we take as a compliment. You should read some of our bad mail!

I've really enjoyed the past few issues of Sick with Spoofs on motorcycle nuts, hot rodders, and now hip-

pies! There is just one thing I found terribly displeasing, and that is a letter from Dawn Hughes which appeared in the September issue No. 55. Here is my reply to Miss Hughes: "Jack Davis lives! Long live the King! And down with all who try to impersonate him!"

Suzy Creamcheese
Cleveland, Ohio

Ed: Is there really such a name as Cleveland?

I enjoy your magazine so very much that I can barely wait for your next issue to come out. It's really the greatest and the nuttiest. I hope some dark and handsome, 18-21, will write. I'm 18, blonde hair, hazel eyes, 5'7". Must like all kinds of sports.

Catherine Avery
10230 Woodworth Ave.
Inglewood, Calif.

Ed: That's not too much to ask, is it, fellows?

I get your magazine every month. I like the pictures by Bob Taylor. He is really the best. I also like the movie spoof. How about some boys corresponding with me. I am a 14 year old girl who likes swift cars, cute boys, and U.F.O.'s.

Bette Hughes
3908 Red Wood Dr.
Marshall, Texas

Ed: There's a real red-blooded American girl.

I think Sick is the neatest nonsense in the world. I read it all the time. The Sick Circus is the greatest. It always



"Not very witty, is he?"

cracks me up. Please put this ad in your magazine. "Old horse pictures and old horse models that you don't want, I would love to have them."

Liz Hope
20419 5th Ave.
San Bernardino, Cal.

Ed: We're sending you an old horse. He'll make a wonderful pin-up for your meat locker.

I think Bob Taylor's illustration of the Monkees on the August '67 issue is fabulous. I agree 100% that the Monkees are "Yech, Yech." The picture captures every detail. It certainly shows where they should be if they want to be called "Monkees." Certainly not singing.

Suzanne Golub
Far Rockaway, New York

Ed: She said it, fans... not us!

Regarding Issue No. 55, "What's Happening Baby." This issue was in very bad taste. People all over the world knock the hippies and now you, who we were trusting in, have become a conformist with the older generation. I buy these magazines quite regularly, and I just laughed off your spoof on motorcycle clubs, but then you put out one on Hippies. Don't you think the teenagers feel insecure enough, without having a magazine, bought mainly by them, knock them left and right. Can't we even have our own literature to read, without it condemning us? I do hope you answer my letter, or even print it, as it is. I feel quite important for my generation to receive the lumps, and know why.

Pat Genereux
West Hill
Ontario, Canada

Ed: This issue is dedicated to you, Pat.

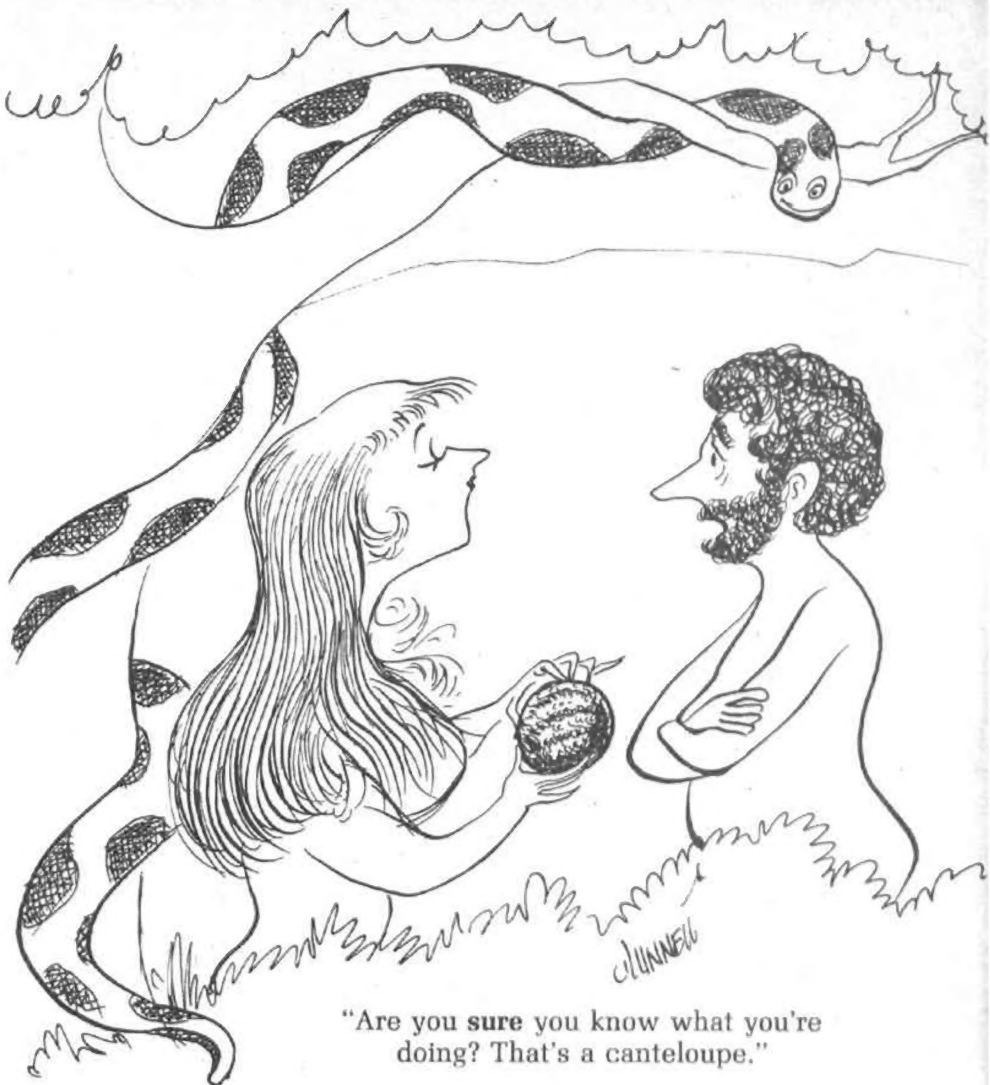
I am a regular reader of Sick and I really appreciate this wild humoristic magazine. As I am a stamp collector, I would like to have anyone interested send me stamps, from 200 to 400, and I will send you different stamps of the same amount.

Antonio de Amaral
a/c Pf. Dr. Luciano de Amaral
Pc. Cel Fernando Prestes 74
Sao Paulo

Ed: A special Sick service for stamp collectors.

I have read your magazine, and I use the term loosely, and I find that

B



"Are you sure you know what you're doing? That's a canteloupe."

it lives up to its name Sick Spoof; it is sick and a spoof. No. 55 has a very misleading cover; It's great, but that's where it ends. Underground Culture stunk, Psychedelic Fashions had a peculiar rank odor, Movie Epic was only bearable, New Sound was in bad taste, Inventions was degrading, Sideshow was fair, Circus was lousy, Bob Kennedy is satire by himself and needed nothing. Movie Spoof was putrid, Answers were not bad, but neither were they good. Reincarnation was also in bad taste as was Suppose. Commercials stink in every way, but I rather liked Proverbs.

Jim Cooper
Kentucky

Ed: Don't do us any favors.

I thought your take-off on Hippies in the September issue of Sick was clever. It is the first issue I've ever read. I wish you luck with the magazine. I hope the humans that edit it aren't fresh out of the funny farm.

Miss Jan Kaski
Jacksonville, Fla.

Ed: No, they're still in.

I got my first copy of Sick for lack of a good comic book and I was astounded. Your magazine is one of the only things holding America together today.

Larry W. Smith
Rt. 4, Box 141
Moulton, Alabama

Ed: Us and the Mets.

WATCH FOR THE

SICK

LAFF-IN

OUR NEW BIG

ANNUAL WITH A

FABULOUS

BONUS!

A SPECIAL REPORT

HIPPIELAND

The hippies have been in the news in the Big Town. They've invaded the East New York peninsula and Mayor Lindsay has demanded that they withdraw to the boundaries which were in effect before Allen Ginsberg.

There seems to be some resentment against the hippies from the neighborhood's old-time residents. Someone invaded the hippie headquarters and tacked a bar of soap on the wall with an arrow through it. Sure death for a hippie.

The hippies are creative though. One fellow couldn't afford a guitar so he put strings on a tall girl and entertained with three choruses of "Don't Bury Me Out on the Lone Prairie Until You Know for Certain I'm Dead." The girl didn't mind being played like that, it was being carried all over town in a case.

There are plenty of peace marches scheduled for New York City. The police have promised to tow away fat hippies who collapse from an overdose of bananas.

The new Homophile League recently chartered at Columbia University is becoming very active politically. One report has it that it is fighting to change the name of Lexington Avenue to Queens Boulevard.

Police in New York City recently threw \$6 million worth of heroin, marijuana, cocaine, opium and LSD into the city's incinerator and burned it all up. It was reported that the Goodyear Blimp was seen shortly after carrying a trailing sign which read: "Turn us on, you lovable fuzz!"

One cat down in Greenwich Village bought a carton of bananas, smoked them all... and all he saw was Tarzan.



Paul Laikin in Haight Ashbury

Latest gag floating around the Haight-Ashbury scene: Lyndon Johnson took some LSD but didn't go on the "trip." Instead, he sent Hubert Humphrey.

Some of the girl hippies look pretty ridiculous. One teenage chick parades down the main thoroughfare every evening, wearing a long dark pony tail all the way down her back. Not hair—a real pony tail!

A story making the rounds of Haight-Ashbury bars concerns this wild hippie party where everybody sat around smoking marijuana and turning on. Suddenly, in the midst of the crowd, a man jumped up, flashed a badge and announced, "I'm an undercover agent from the Vice Squad! You're all under arrest!" The hippie next to him looked on for a moment, then shook his head and said, "Man, you is really high!"

Another story going around is about the hippie who walked into a vaudeville agents office and asked for bookings. "Like I'm too much," he began. "I come out high on LSD, fly around the room for twenty minutes, and for an encore I set myself on fire!" The agent shook his head and replied, "Sorry, I'm overbooked with novelty acts!"

Wacky gag overheard at hippie haunts:

1st Hippie: "Man, like I'm reall beat. Last night I was in bed with 102!"

2nd Hippie: "That's wild, Daddy-O. It musta been real crowded!"

The gags about way-out LSD trips are infinite in variety. A real wild one concerns the hippie who, while on LSD, jumped into a cab and instructed the cabbie, "Just keep driving around the park!" After the fortieth time around the hippie nudged the driver again and shouted, "Faster, Man, can't you see I'm in a hurry!"

Another hippie, under the influence of LSD, hopped into another cab and wailed to the cabbie, "Drive off a cliff, I'm committing suicide!"

Battle of the Gagsters

SICK CORRESPONDENTS IN

A hippie was trying to fix up his friend with a blind date. "She's real wild, I tell you—real groovy-looking!" The friend agreed to meet her and when he did, he recoiled in horror. She was the ugliest girl he ever saw. She was the kind of girl who, when she gets undressed to go to bed, the guy across the street pulls down his shade! And so the friend went back to the hippie and complained, "I thought you told me she was real groovy-looking?" To which the hippie replied, "Man, like, don't you dig distortion?"

A new hippie status symbol in Haight-Ashbury pads: towels marked "HIS" ... "HERS" ... and "ITS."

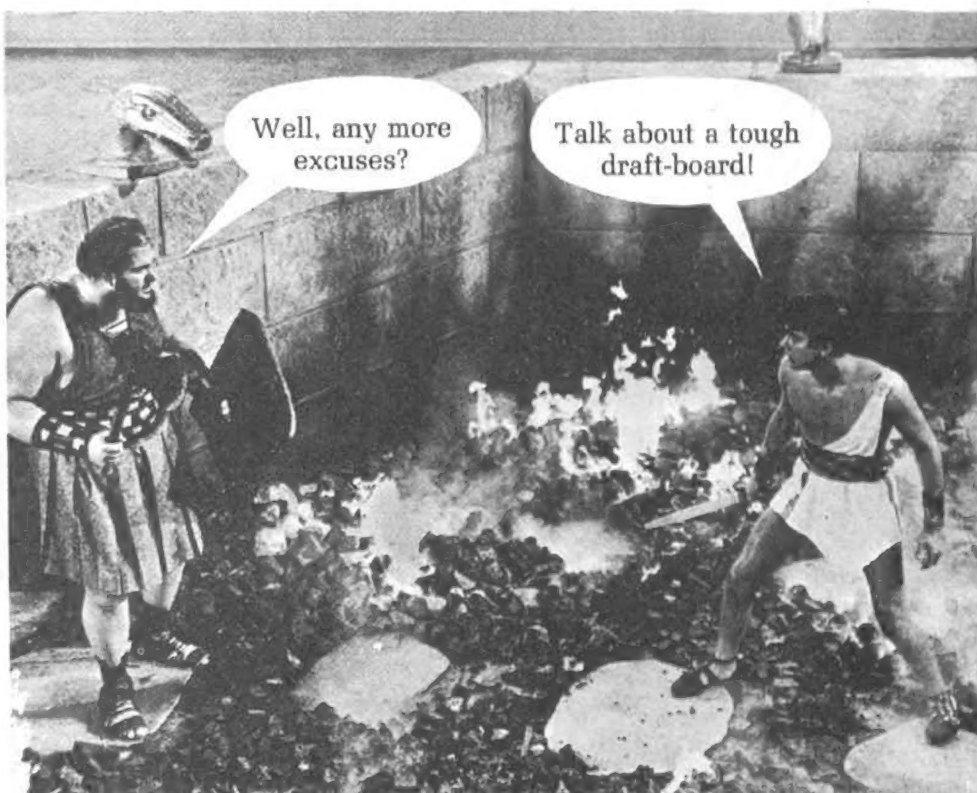
They tell of the hippie who decided to become a psychiatrist. But it didn't work out. He tried to get on the couch with his patients.

Two hippies one day came into a lot of money and so they decided to take a cab from San Francisco to New York City. As they opened the door to get in, one turned to the other and said, "Man, like, I'll sit on the left. I'm getting out on the East Side of Times Square!"

Looking at the weird collection of Haight-Ashbury inhabitants, it isn't always easy to know who's who. For example, the best way to tell if it's a real hippie or not is to give him a banana. If he smokes it, he's a hippie. If he eats it, he's a monkey.

From a recent review of the weird new hippie rock-folk music: "It's not as bad as it sounds!"

Since they rarely take baths, some of the hippies are pretty dirty. There's a pier at the foot of Golden



HIPPIELAND

Gate Bridge in San Francisco where many of them go for an occasional swim. Would you believe it—they're so dirty that when they come out of the water they leave a ring around the pier!

LSD gags are abundant in the Haight-Ashbury district. They tell of one hippie who took so many LSD sugar cubes that he has an hallucination he's got diabetes!

Then there's the one about the hippie who took a **double-dose** of LSD. He wanted to be assured of a return trip.

One fellow out in Haight-Ashbury is doing quite well. He's a travel agent for LSD trips.

An ideal 12-piece dinner set gift-item to send to a hippie: 11 spoons and a saucer.

A group of eight shabby-looking hippie entertainers walked into a theatrical agent's office and asked for work. "We're sensational," announced the unkempt leader. "We do things you never see on a stage. We open by throwing pies at the audience. Then we line up and each of us belch to the tune of Yankee Doodle Dandy. For an encore we divide into four couples and we all make love right on the stage." "That's fantastic," exclaimed the agent. "What do you call yourselves?" Came the reply, "The Sophisticates!"

Probably the wildest LSD trip story concerns the hippie-on-acid who stood up suddenly in the middle of a huge crowd at a baseball stadium, pointed a gun at the 100,000 people in the stands and shouted, "Don't anybody move—this is a stickup!"

Fred Wolfe in The East Village

Hippies form themselves into tribes, just like American Indians, and they really take it to heart. In fact, one tribe calls itself the "Mohawks," and instead of eating L.S.D., they all smoke carpets.

New View: A hippie teen-ager ran away from home and was returned by a policeman who told his parents: "He was found on a street-corner, wearing torn sandals, unbathed for weeks, panhandling and peddling marijuana, and obviously high on L.S.D." To which the parents replied: "Thank goodness, officer. We thought he had gone wrong."

When asked why so many hippies go around barefoot, one replied: "Man, who needs shoes, when you're flying all the time?"

Some hippies wearing cowbells wandered onto a nearby pasture, and before they could stop him, a farmer milked five of them.

Hippie Movie Titles:
"Freakout At The O.K. Corral"
"Gone With The Weed"
"Sally, Irene and Marijuana"
"Who's Afraid Of A Sugar Cube?"

Yul Brynner was all set to join the hippie movement, until he found out he had to wear flowers in his hair.

Hippie Dictionary: "Orgy"—A catered love-in.

One "flower-power" advocate was arrested in Greenwich Village for handing out a pansy—it was his brother!

One hippie in Greenwich Village spotted a Con Edison street sign: "Dig We Must!" and he sighed: "Man, ain't that the truth!"

A hippie was telling an inquiring reporter about the philosophy of "mass-sharing." The reporter asked, "What is the most common thing that you people get from mass-sharing?" And the hippie replied: "Fleas!"

Continued



Fred Wolfe in The East Village

The hippie movement really signifies progress. Guys who used to drop out of high school are now dropping out of an entire society.

They recently buried a hippie who was found stiff as a board, his face turned green, and the rest of his body in an advanced state of decomposition. And it was over a week before they found out he always looked like that.

Many of the hippies pick up some spare change by working for the Post Office, and the citizens couldn't be more happy. Every delivery the hippies make is strictly air mail.

Love, not money, is the currency between hippies. When a square asked about a pregnant hippy girl, he was told that she merely received an unexpected inheritance.

In hippie language, marijuana is called "grass." And in all the public parks, the fun-loving hippies have changed all those signs to read: "Keep on the grass!"

The hippies tell you that they believe in "openness of soul," which is clear to see from the condition of their sandals.

Hippies go in for a great deal of communal living, and make their homes in such odd places as abandoned warehouses and garages. One group moved into the City Dump, and the nearby neighbors complained that they were lowering property values.

Many hippies have become great followers of the Yogi philosophers of India, who instruct their hippie pupils to gaze at their navels and peer into the infinite. One hippie gazed for hours at his navel and finally came running to his Yogi, crying: "I've found it! I've found it!" The Yogi said: "You found the secret of life?" The hippie replied: "No—lint!"

Professor Timothy Leary is famous for his hip dictum: "Turn on, tune in, and drop out!" Now, millions of people have unexpectedly followed his advice—the viewers of the new TV season!

Notice Board In A Hippie Employment Office: Wanted—Weed picker, Sugar Cube saturator, Sandal repairman, Freakout foreman, L.S.D. Rescue Squad volunteer, Bead-stringer, Flower weaver, and Banana Skin Dryer.

The hippies also go in for religious experience. But, when a Salvation Army speaker urged them to "wash away their sins," all the hippies ran like mad. They thought they had to use soap!

Hippies constantly utter weird sound patterns, because they feel that words are useless and passe. One of their favorite sounds is "Ommmmmm!" which they believe puts you in tune with the universe. However, they keep chanting "Ommmmmm!" when they're usually on L.S.D. But, any average guy can get the same result—by wearing a tight pair of jockey shorts.

The hippie set gets its kicks listening to "Rock" groups. One bunch of hippies, high on L.S.D., sat fascinated, listening to the music of a cool rock group—consisting of four boulders and a sheet of solid granite. Since the hippies have gone on an Indian kick, they've been burning incense, instead of draft cards.

in Haight Ashbury

The Love Cult: An out-of-town tourist looking for street directions asked a San Francisco hippie: "Haight-Ashbury?" And the hippie answered: "Man, I hate nobody!" And then he kissed him!

Time means nothing to the hippies. Out in San Francisco, even the Meter Maids use sundials.

One poor soul accidentally fell out of an airplane that was passing over San Francisco, and landed at the feet of a hippie who was high on L.S.D. The hippie looked down and said: "Poor cat, he must have had a **bad trip!**"

How to tell a San Francisco hippie: He's the guy who can get to the "Top Of The Mark" without using an elevator.

A beat-up looking citizen appeared in court recently to have his name changed. When the judge asked him why he wanted to change a beautiful name like Lyle Sydney Daniel, the poor guy said: "I'm a salesman in the Haight-Ashbury district, and whenever the hippies see my initials L.S.D. on my suitcase, I get trampled in the rush.





How was the party last night?

Paul Laikin

Not all the people in Haight-Ashbury are hippies. In fact, one guy out there is so square, he took an LSD trip and saw Lawrence Welk!

From out of nowhere, a hippie got a wild obsession to row to China. He didn't know the first thing about the sea but he knew that he just had to row to China. And so he asked his friend to get him a small rowboat. The friend thought he was cracking up and tried to talk him out of it, but the hippie was persistent. So to humor him, the friend got him a small boat but tied it by a rope to the dock. The hippie got in the boat and began to paddle. Convinced that he couldn't really move the boat out, the friend then went home. All night long however, the friend had second thoughts. "If he wants to row to China, who am I to stop him?" And so he decided to untie the boat and let the friend go. He got dressed and went back to the dock. It was pitch black when he got there and he couldn't see a thing. So he called out to the hippie, "Herbie! Herbie!" Whereupon the hippie's voice shot back from the dark. "Who's that? Who knows me in China?"

A hippie husband had an argument with his young hippie wife. He decided to give her an old-fashioned spanking. And so he put her over his knee and started beating her on her bare backside with a hairbrush. Along came two other hippies and stopped to watch the sight. Finally, one turned to the other and said, "Man, dig that crazy drum!"

On the outskirts of Haight-Ashbury, a conservative political speaker was haranguing his listeners with the dire prophecy that "the country was going to pot"—and all the hippies in the audience cheered!

One wag described the Haight-Ashbury district as a "Ghetto Au-Go-Go!" Another has called it an "L.S.D. Levittown."

They tell of the hippie couple who got married because they felt they were made for each other. She was a masochist and he was a sadist. It didn't work out though. On their wedding night she said, "Beat me!" He said, "No!"



Oh, goody... We're going to play Charades!



BOB TAYLOR IN HIPPIELAND



As part of our new policy of live coverage of unimportant events, staff cartoonist Bob Taylor visits San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury district, to give our readers a psychedelic peek at the current hippie scene. While studying his subjects in depth, Bob became quite an expert on their local Flora and Fauna (Flora and Fauna are two hippie chicks

he made out with). In addition, Bob picked up many other interesting things from living with the hippies—namely fleas! Here are Bob's notes on his expedition into the wilds of Hippieland—



The first part of my trip was to drop in on a hippie pad and make friends. Knowing that the hippies are famous for their strong stomachs, I brought along the latest copy of Sick. They took one look—and threw up!



I tried to fit in by passing as a hippie, but they sniffed me out. My 5-Day Deodorant Pads gave me away!

No, this isn't a picture study of a hippie who blew his mind and freaked out at my feet. The poor creature dropped from shock. He thought I was an agent from the U.S. Employment Office!



This is a rare shot of a hippie cleaning his toe-nails. He was invited to dinner at his square girl friend's house, and clean toe-nails are a must—since he eats with his feet!



I discovered that sharing is a must for the true hippie. Here a hospitable hippie asks me to share a businessman's lunch with him. The garbage can belongs to a local businessman.



Though many hippies take jobs with the Post Office, some still refuse to use soap. Those hippie postmen don't have to ring twice, since their clients get wind of them long before they reach the door.

Complaints to the Post Office about this hippie had a touch of poetic justice. Being in a constant state of hunger, this time it was the mailman who bit all the dogs on his route!



The reason advanced for this way-out hippie taking a job with the Post Office, is that his mail-bag is a great place to put the monkey that he carries on his back!



Mixing with the hippies is this group of Hell's Angels. I found out later they were shaking the hippies down for flowers.



Here the Hell's Angels express their gratitude for the article that Sick did on them.

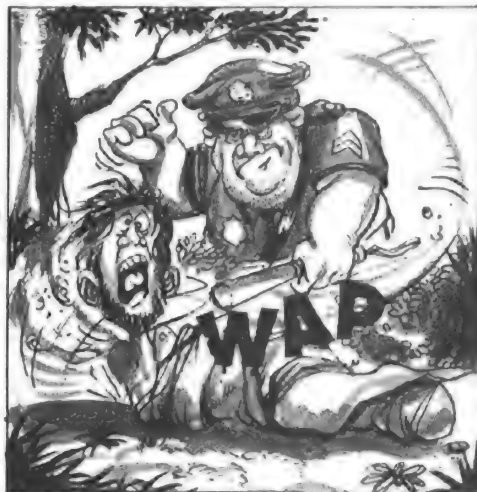


To show there were no hard feelings, they dropped me off at the local hospital—while their motorcycles were still in motion! The skull fracture is healing very nicely.



This hippie is hurrying home for meal-time. He has to be the first one there since he's wearing the table-cloth! Shortly after this picture was taken, he was thrown out by his "tribe" for committing the ultimate offense—He was caught reading a copy of the "Wall Street Journal!"

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A HIPPIE



12:00 Noon. Rise and shine! Complimentary room-service provided by the friendly Frisco fuzz.



For food, the hippie often poses for tourist pictures. This particular picture is slated for a "Safe Driving" magazine, as an example of the worst accident of the month!



Later, the hippie may just sit around and watch out-of-towners, like this creepy tourist trio who broke up the hippies by constantly asking: "Where are the weirdos?"



Afterward, back to the park to dig the music. The top number on the hippie hit parade is: "Man, There's No Hope, If You Feel The Need For Soap!"



5:00 o'clock. Dinner time. The hippies aren't particular, and eat anything in sight. Missing from the park are 50 pigeons, 6 squirrels and three policemen.



(Left) This hippie is trying to talk his chick into making love, not war.—She stabbed him with her "Peace" button! (Center) This wide-eyed hippie nearly went out of his mind eating five cartons of sugar cubes. All he got was fat, as someone forgot to spike them with L.S.D. (Right) These swinging hippies really outdid each other in wild, frantic dancing—leaping up and down and scratching themselves madly. It was a sacred dance; dedicated to the anniversary of their last bath.



(Left) Wrong! This isn't a picture of a hippie head-over-heels in love with his chick. He's merely walking on his hands to save the leather on his sandals. (Center) After dropping off his date, our suave hippie heads for home. (Right) Home, is the Golden Gate Park Hilton, where he sleeps on a "Posture-Pedic" rock.

Hippies in History

In order to justify their way of life, hippies point to the great hippy leaders of the past, who have helped make our society what it is today—a mess!



Grant was always smoking a cigar and was a great general. But, what was in that cigar? Grant probably took Richmond to capture their crops! Not cotton—marijuana!



History doesn't tell us exactly what Honest Abe was "on," but after his famous speech, Lincoln not only couldn't remember the Gettysburg address—he couldn't even remember his own!



Long hair was Samson's downfall, but not for the corny reason that history gives us. Samson actually tore down that temple because the Philistine soldiers kept pinching him—they thought he was Delilah!



If the truth were known, it wasn't the kite flying on the high end of the string that rainy night—it was Ben! Making him America's first (and happiest) astronaut! This kite-flying caper was officially listed as "Franklin's Freakout."



The reason Da Vinci's famous painting was such a big hit was his model's mysterious smile -----**YOU'D** smile too if you were paid off with L.S.D., instead of the usual bowl of ravioli.



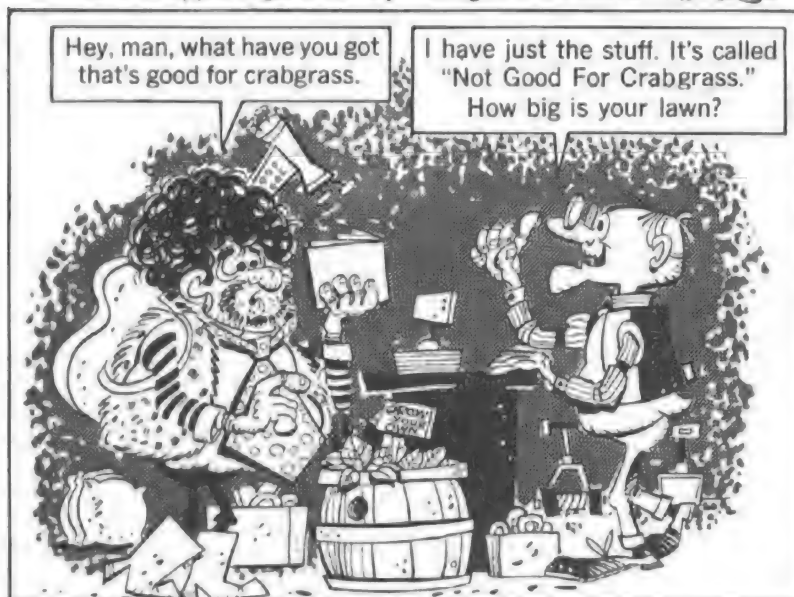
Tarzan was the first swinging hippie. The Ape Man was also a hippie who didn't waste anything. After he swung from those vines, he smoked them! Man, that hemp is a gas!

(Suburbanites of New Rochelle, N.Y. Complain Because of Invasion of 'Hippies'—News Item)

Yes, the hippies, the flower people, legion of the unwashed, call them what you will, are moving into, of all places, the suburbs. Residents of New York's lush Westchester County are up in arms because they've moved into the city of New Rochelle. But we don't think real trouble will start, because the hippies will soon adjust—hopefully. However, a lot of strange things could happen.



SCENE: Hippie in garden shop talking to store clerk.



Hey, man, what have you got that's good for crabgrass.

I have just the stuff. It's called "Not Good For Crabgrass." How big is your lawn?



What lawn, man? It's my hair!

SCENE: Hippie and wife in messed-up flat.



Hey, love beetle, what'd you get San Francisco Stanley for his birthday?

A 13-piece tea set—



a paper bag and 12 sticks of marijuana.

Stick it not to the wall!

SCENE: Night school with hippie professor talking to group of parents and some hippies.

We at the Psychedelic Session here at the Community School want to make our new visitors from the East Village feel at home, so we've got some new courses for them: Finger-painting, body-painting, fender-kicking, banana-growing, sugar cube repair, mind-blowing, and marijuana rolling.



Graduates will be awarded an FPA—Flower Power Arts degree. And if anyone does not do his homework, as punishment I will force him to take an extra session in body painting and he must paint Phyllis Diller's body, which is the worst punishment I can think of.



SCENE: Hippie is being interviewed by reporter.

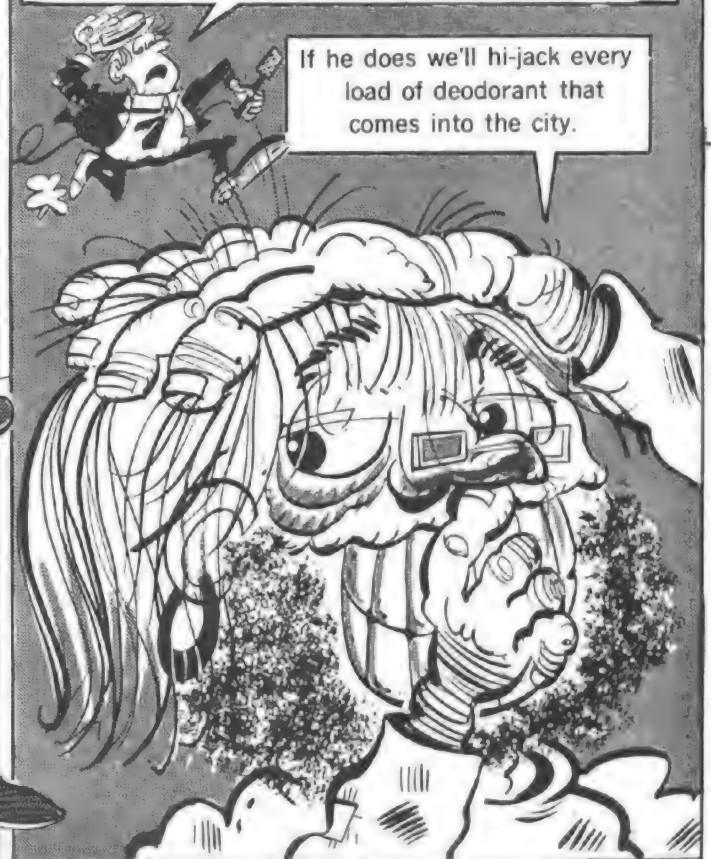
So you enjoy it up here in the suburbs?

It's one huge love-in. I come home and sack out in my split-level tent and then I rest and go out to the meeting of the Little League marijuana marching club and later we swing.



I understand that the mayor wants to push through some legislation requiring all hippies to wear flea collars.

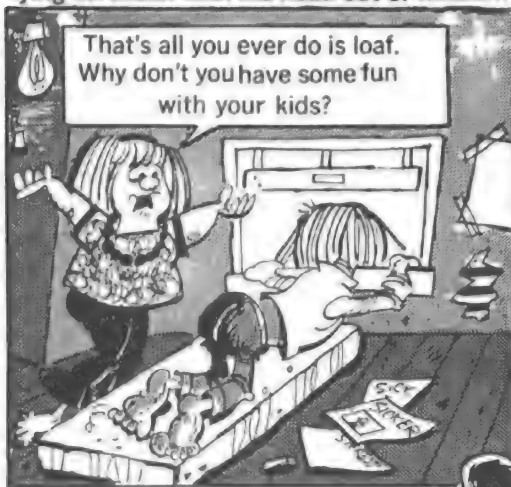
If he does we'll hi-jack every load of deodorant that comes into the city.



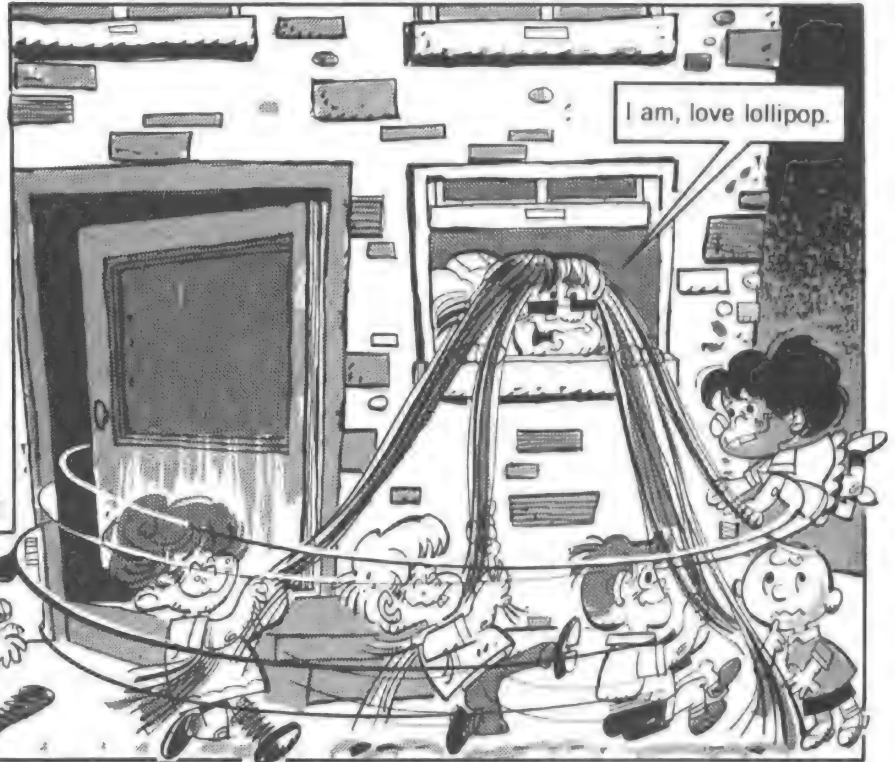
SCENE:

Wife is standing up, yelling at hippie who is lying on couch with his head out of window.

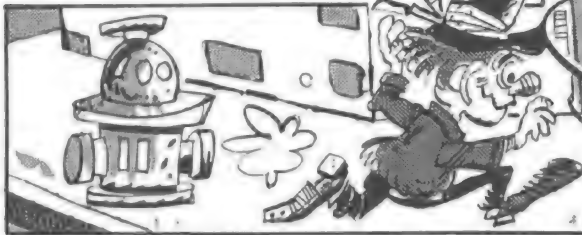
And, of course, there'll be the familiar domestic quarrels.



That's all you ever do is loaf.
Why don't you have some fun
with your kids?



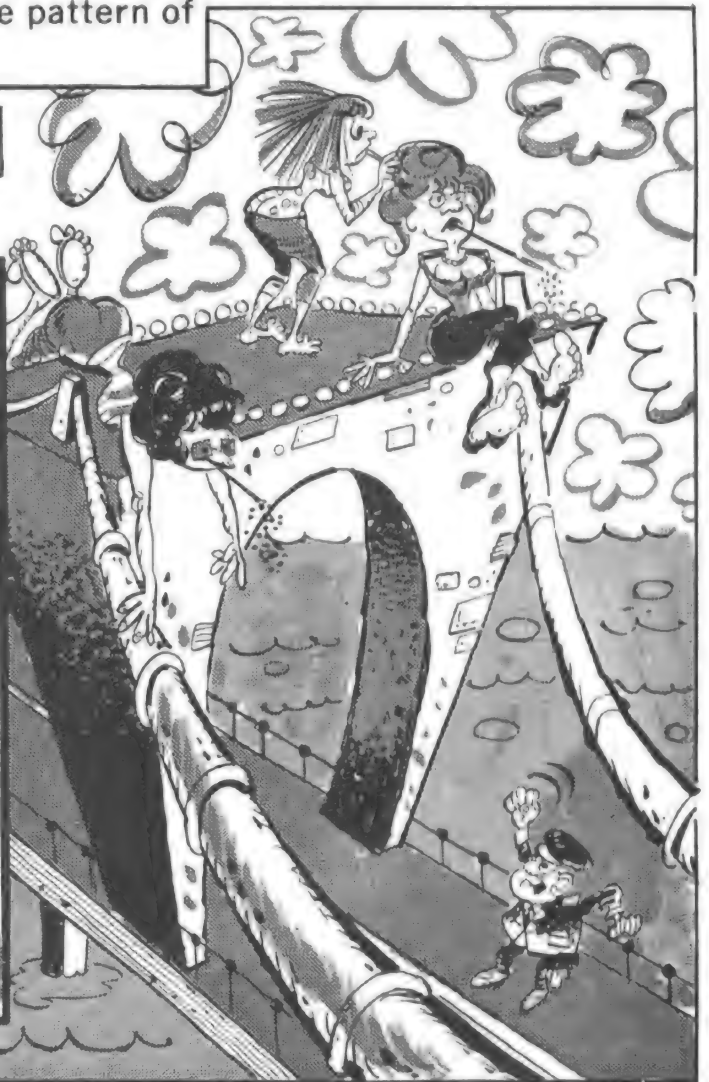
I am, love lollipop.



And of course, the hippie wife, who'll wear the latest in picture window blouses, will get into the pattern of bridge parties.

SCENE: Women sitting around, smoking the weed.

Let's go to the bridge.





SEX

by B. Wiseman

American anthropologist, Ashley Montagu, declared in a recent issue of the New York Post: "THE FEMININE TREND IN MEN AND THE MASCULINE TREND IN WOMEN ARE GOOD THINGS—BOTH NEED IT!" This trend has accelerated recently with men of many lands dressing in miniskirts (in Scotland, minikilts!) but SICK feels this is not nearly enough. Just think of the fantastic advantages when the sex revolution goes full circle—When differences are all erased and we have:

The INDISTINGUISHABLES



BARBERS WILL GET MORE BUSINESS...



SHORT FELLOWS WILL LOSE THEIR SENSE OF INFERIORITY...





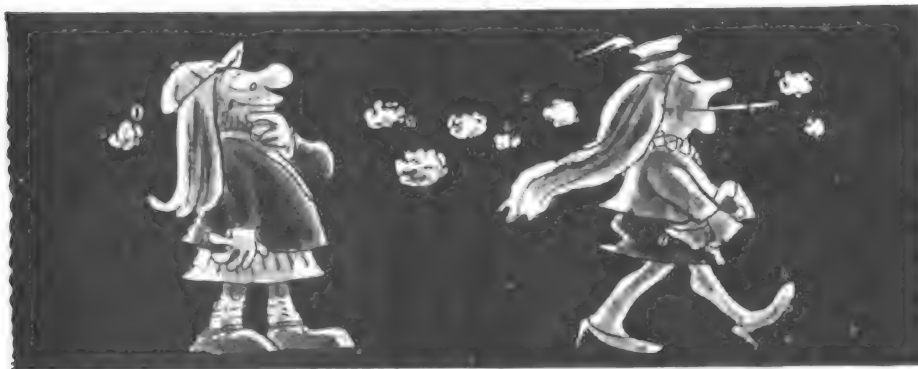
A NEW T.V. SHOW:
"WHAT'S MY SEX?"



BOYS WILL HAVE BIGGER STOCKINGS FOR SANTA...



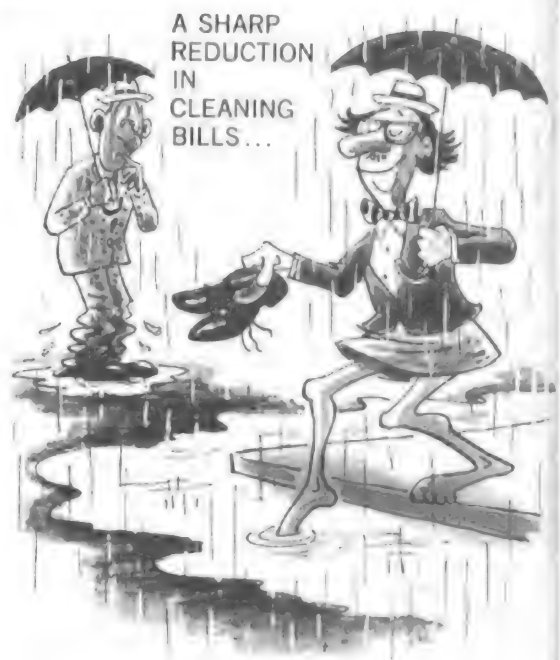
MORE PRIVACY FOR MEN...



CONFUSED MOLESTERS!



TREMBLING KNEES CONCEALED...



A SHARP
REDUCTION
IN
CLEANING
BILLS...



SAILORS ABLE TO SHOW MORE TATTOOS...



FOR BIG EATERS, NO MORE CONSTRICTING BELTS! JUST HEAVENLY COMFORT IN BIG MATERNITY DRESSES!!!



NECKLACES WILL KEEP UNTIDY BEARDS ALL NICE AND NEAT...



NO LONGER WILL A LITTLE OLD DOG-BITE RUIN A GOOD PAIR OF PANTS...



MEN WILL STOP PICKING ON WOMEN JUST BECAUSE THEY LOOK SO LOUSY IN THE MORNING...

ABSOLUTELY NO PROBLEMS WITH STUCK ZIPPERS!

MEN



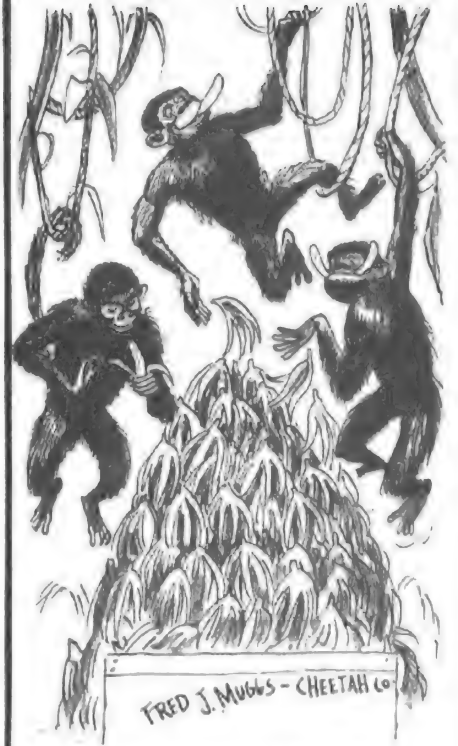
AND, AT LONG LAST, MALES WILL BE ABLE TO EXERCISE THEIR CHARMS AND INFLUENCE JURORS...



Year-End SALE!



TEEN CATALOG



U14—MELLOW YELLOW ORDER BLANK

Do you feel left out when your friends take a trip? Is LSD just a little out of your price bracket? Then **Mellow Yellow** is for you. With Mellow Yellow you can take a very economical trip and see just as many places. All you do is scrape the pulp out of the banana peels and you're ready for your excursion. You can order banana peels by the thousands from the J. Fred Muggs-Cheetah Co., Ltd.

Script by Francis DiBacco

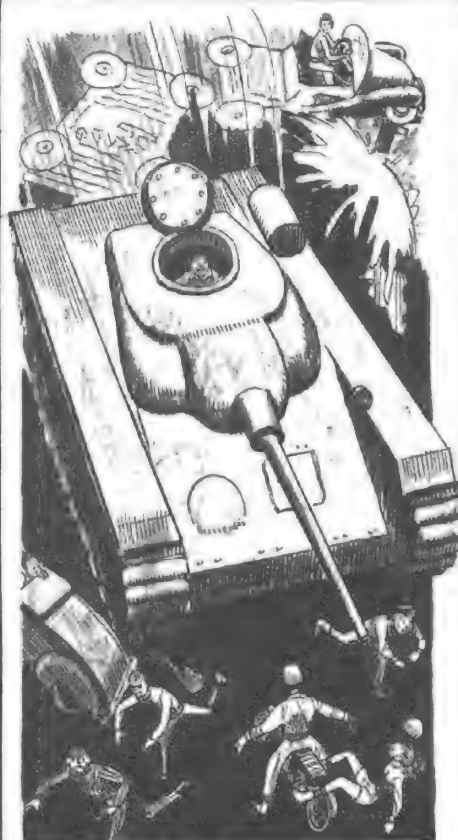
Art by Al Bare



EFFIGY DUMMIES

You know a riot's not complete without a dummy to hang. Send for our list of heavy duty dummies. We have all types. The dean, the football coach, the scoutmaster. Let us know the type you want. Our dummies are made of the finest grade straw, and wear the most fashionable suits from Carnaby Street. Rope is optional.

GG-90—EFFIGY DUMMIES



RUSSIAN TANKS

Never worry about playing chicken again. All the bad cats will move when you come barreling down the street in your Russian T34 Tank. These tanks have only been used once by the Egyptians. Just think baby, you'll be king of the road. You can forget about stop signs and red lights too.

T34—RUSSIAN T34 TANK



HONDAS WITH LOVE SEATS

Now you can finally look at the greasemonkey you're driving with. No longer will you smell the wake of his cheap hair spray, or be snowed under by his dandruff. These love seats have been given the Hells Angel Seal of Approval.

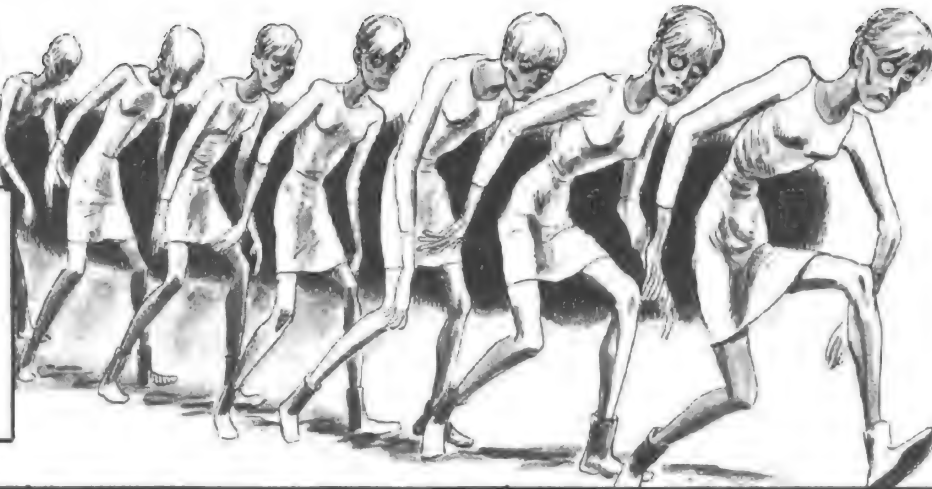
CX-78—LOVE SEAT



LOOK LIKE TWIGGY

It's the "in" thing to look like Twiggy. And you'll look like Twiggy if you sign up for our Bataan Death March. You'll lose so much weight, 98lb. weaklings will kick sand in your face.

D12-BATAAN DEATH MARCH



INSTANT MOLOTOV COCKTAILS

All this ready-to-use-cocktail-mix needs is water to make a high octane gas. We also give you a disposable full size quart bottle with ten second fuses. Be the first one in your gang to burn an embassy. W44-INSTANT COCKTAILS



C22-APPLICATION FOR TEEN SCHOOL

Do you want the Draft Board off your back? Enroll in the Teen School for Draft Dodgers. You'll automatically get a student deferment from the board. We will teach you such trades as cabin boy, powder monkey, paper boy, coolie, tree surgeon, lamplighter and many more. Sorry, no dropouts.



MAGIC MARKER PEN

Falling back on your studies because of those late night riots? We know it's tough fitting in your school work with all that's happening. Send for our magic marker pen. They write on anything. Streets, panties and banana peels. Take notes while you're turned on.

T-79-MAGIC MARKER NOTE PEN



JUST OUT: TEEN INSURANCE

Very reasonable and cheap. Just \$49.95... for the first six payments. And then one nominal payment of \$835.00 will clean you up. Here's what you get:

1. \$700.00 deductible
2. Any pet in the car is covered up to \$11.98
3. You're covered as soon as you get in the car till you go out of the driveway.
4. Medical includes: payment for every bandaid used and unlimited usage of iodine and castor oil.
5. Cars are towed to the junk yard at no extra cost

QQ-72-TEEN INSURANCE



WILD MOD EARRINGS

Girls this is it! These fab earrings are made from authentic hula hoops. You can dry banana peels on them while you're twisting. One note: our earrings can only be worn by people who have pierced ears.

V675-MOD EARRINGS



ENROLL IN POST POST GRADUATE WORK

Have you noticed dad has been looking sickly lately? That's because he's realized that your schooling is over and that you'll be coming home for good. Why don't you enroll in our school for eight years. Dads will be glad to foot the bill. He's already given you a free ride for sixteen years. At the school there's no books, homework, class hours, or teachers. It's all mental telepathy. Just lay in your pot pad and communicate, baby. The whole object of the school is to keep enrolling till you hit Social Security age. Turn yourself on for eight years at a time.

E4-FREAK OUT TECH

TRAVEL

Hey teens! How would you like to visit an island that's made just for you? Then come to Teen Island. On Teen Island, adults are second class citizens. In fact, we have an adult curfew. They have to be off the streets by 10:00 p.m. They can't even go to a movie unless accompanied by a teenager. And listen to this. Our island is only fifteen years old! It's a teen, like you.

TEEN ISLAND



Here's what goes
on at Teen Island:



1. Bob for zip guns off Punk's Inlet.
2. LSD Trips around the island.
3. Conscientious objectors can hole up in Draft Dodger Point.
4. Hikes every day to Acne Ridge where you can pick wild cream puffs, gum drops, and candy canes. You'll break out by the time you get back to Teenville.
5. Adult shoots with zip guns.
6. Be Ins, Love Ins, and Freak Outs on Pickets Plateau.
7. Gang wars every Wednesday night on Rumble River.
8. Bonfires every Saturday night using your draft card.
9. Drag Strip races beginning from Draft Dodger Point right into Hubcap Canyon.
10. Every Sunday morning panty raids in Teenville.

Doesn't that sound boss? And the climate is really great. The air smells just like glue. Don't Wait! Go out and mug somebody and get the money.

NEW THEORIES ON

Script by Jim Ivey



Fire



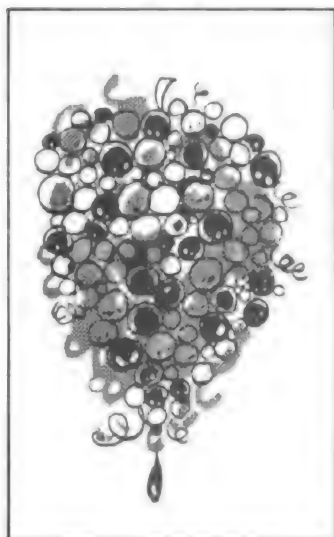
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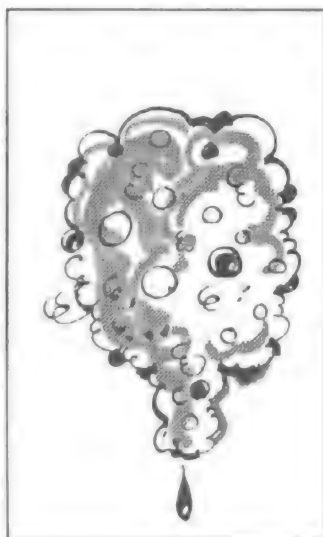
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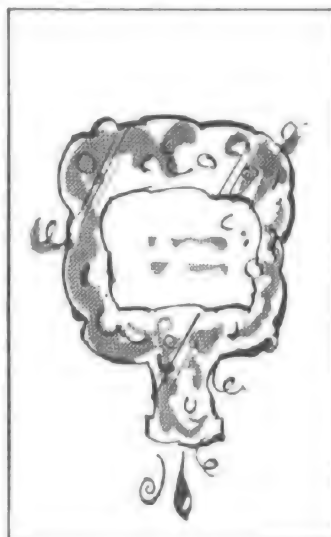
Cigar



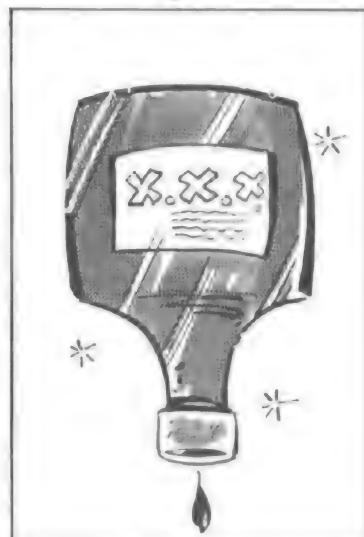
Grape



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Booze



Animal Skin



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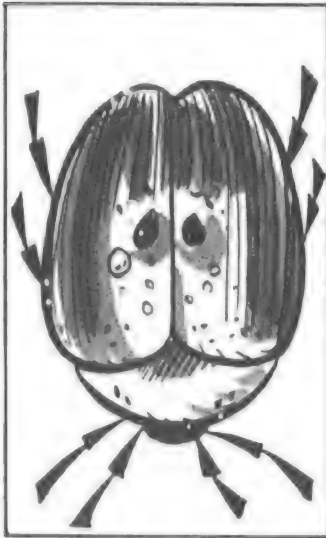
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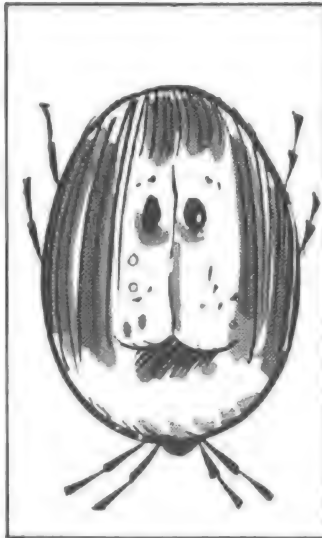
Fur Coat

EVOLUTION

Art by Bill Kresse



Beetle



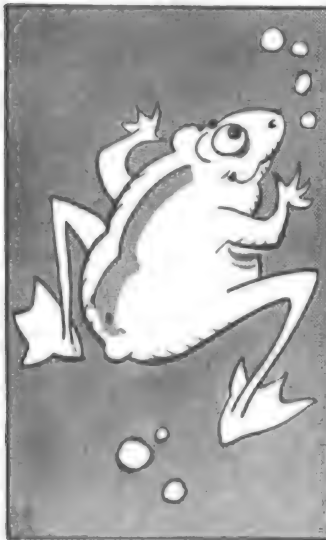
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Beatle



Frog



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Frogman



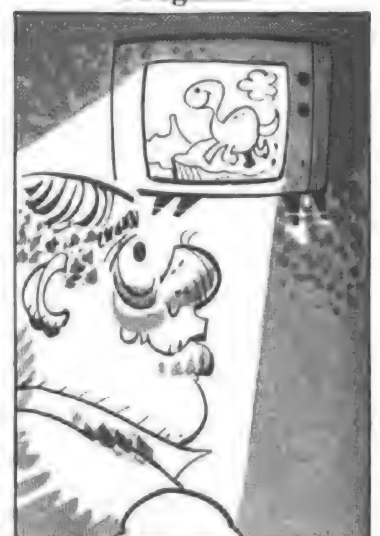
Cave Vision



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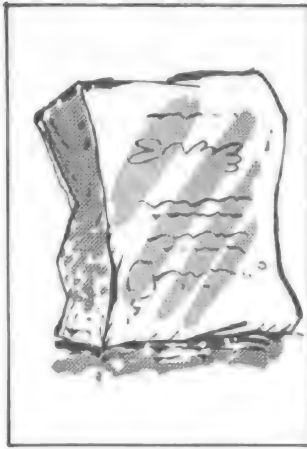
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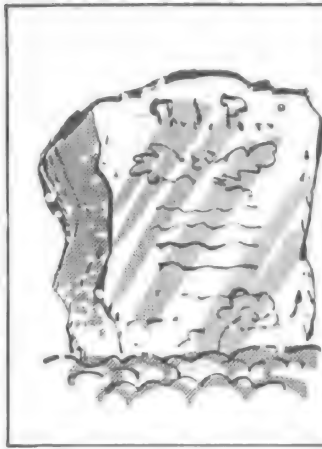
Televislon



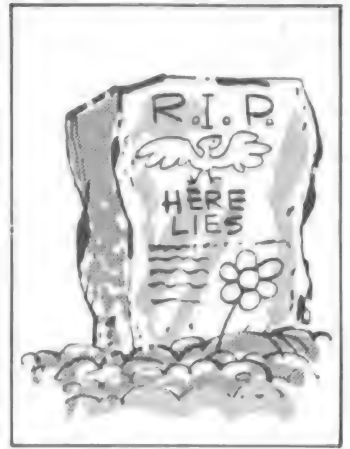
Writing Stone



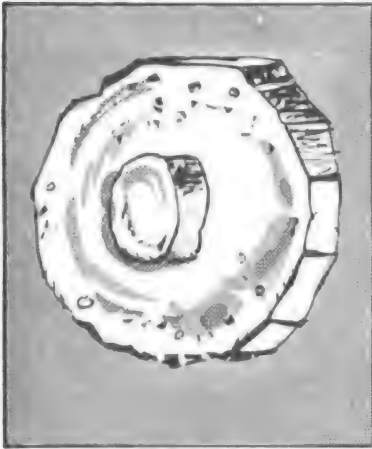
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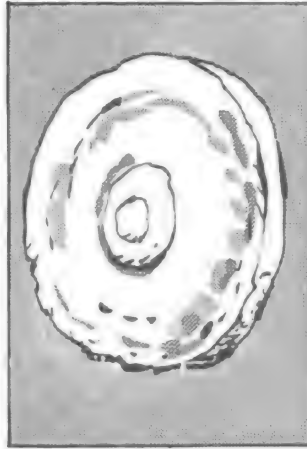
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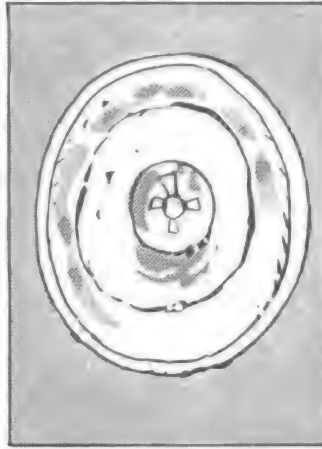
Headstone



Wheel



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Roulette



Caveman



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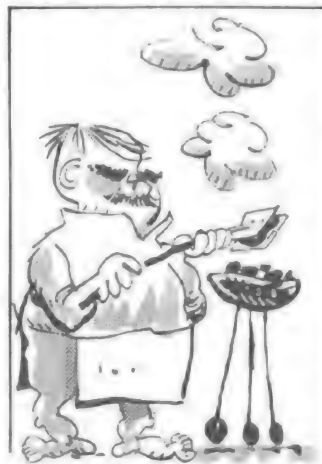
Modern Man



Outdoor Fire



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Barbeque



Fig Leaf



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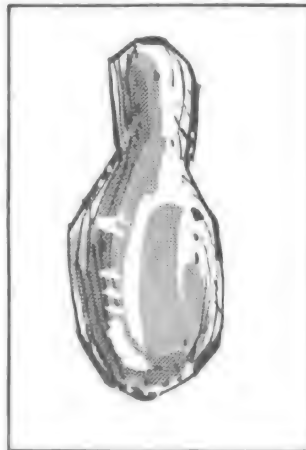
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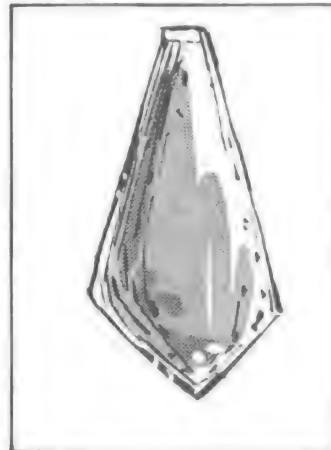
Clothes



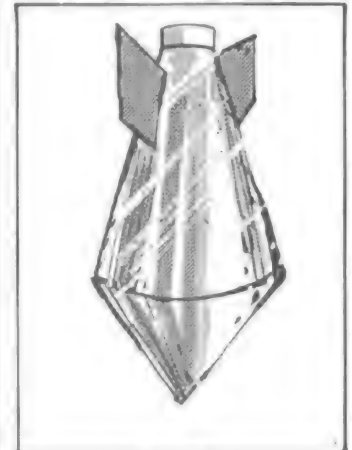
Club



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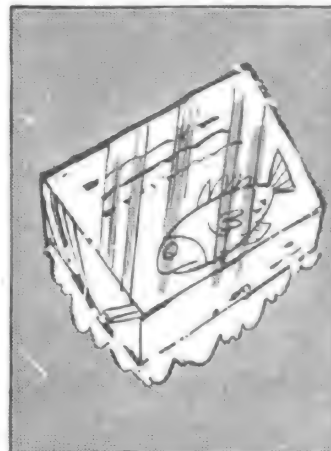
Bomb



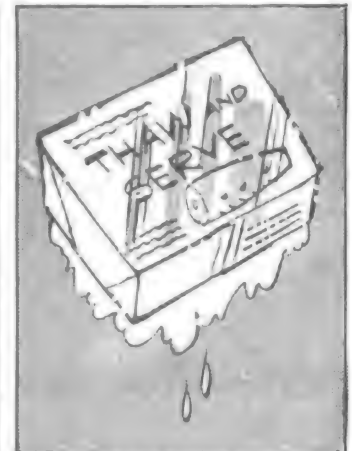
Frozen Food



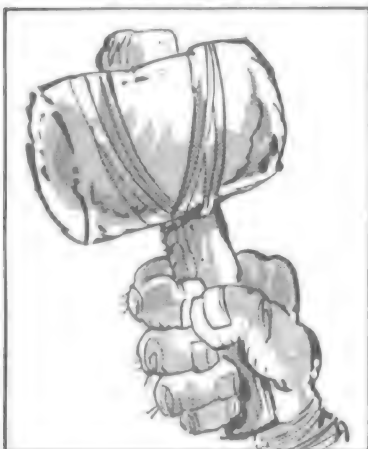
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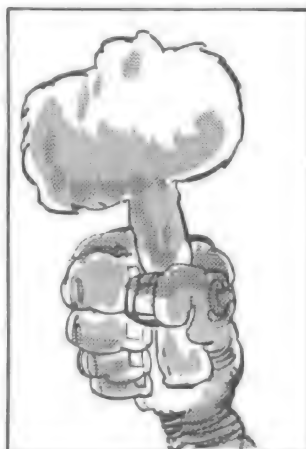
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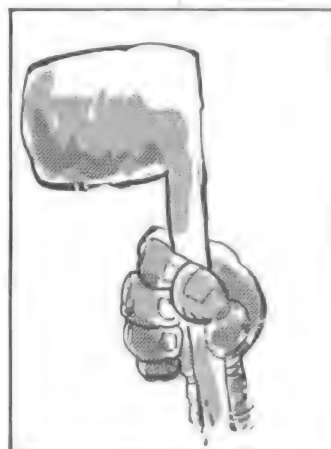
TV Dinner



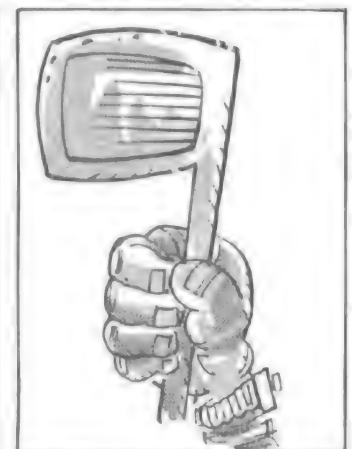
Axe



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5-Iron

Some thirty odd years ago, Robert Ripley made big waves in the newspaper cartoon business with his "Believe It Or Not," a bizarre collection of freaks and freak-outs. Rival publishers soon copied the idea with a thing called "Strange As It Seems." Now, after all these years, we copy both of them with this untrue-as-life mish-mosh called—

Sick as it Seems

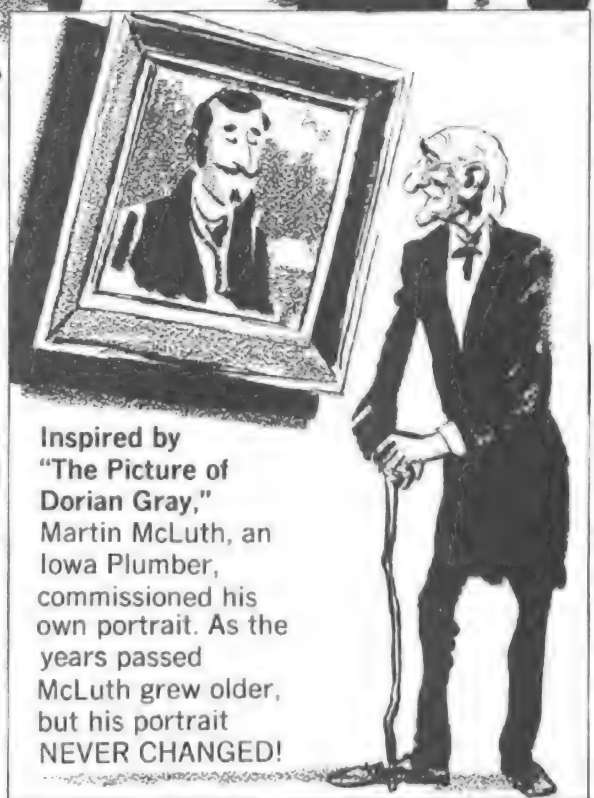
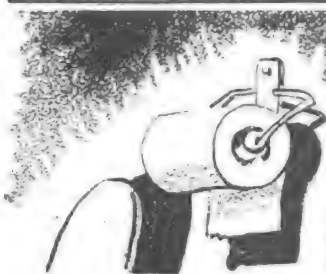


Kleenex originally was made of stainless steel. When it was discovered that, though durable, it was cold to the nose, had poor absorptive power, and ruptured men who carried it about in their pocket, the inventor, Irving Kleenex, locked himself into his bathroom. It was there that he discovered paper. •

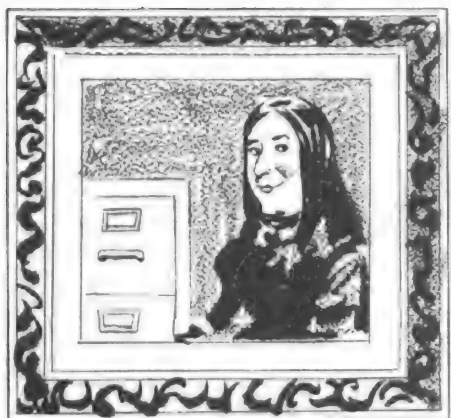
Lyndon B. Johnson is an optical illusion!



Everett Dirksen is a mute!
His voice is dubbed by June Allyson.



Inspired by "The Picture of Dorian Gray," Martin McLuth, an Iowa Plumber, commissioned his own portrait. As the years passed McLuth grew older, but his portrait NEVER CHANGED!



One of the great mysteries of the world of art: No trace exists of Leonardo Da Vinci's masterpiece, the series of portraits, "Great File Clerks."

Mount Whitney, in California, is actually not a mountain!
It is an inverted valley.



Script by Bob Heit
Art by Angelo Torres



Aardvarks cannot spell!
Llamas CAN, but stutter.

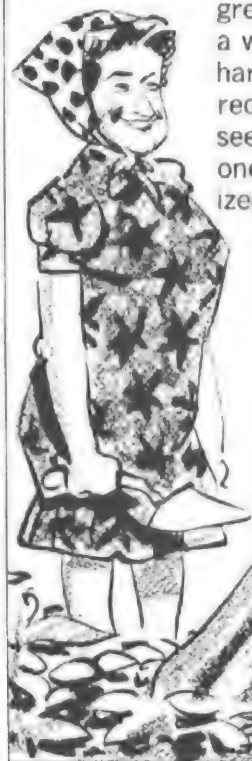
Some one page back, we copied a copy of "Believe It Or Not" (remember?). Ordinarily, under conditions like this, we would not have an introduction on this page, but since the artist left us this space to fill, we have to come up with another ridiculous introduction, like this one for the ridiculous title—

Sick as it Seems

Although Louis Pasteur is considered one of the fathers of modern medicine, he did not make house calls! He acquired his reputation purely on his ability to homogenize milk.



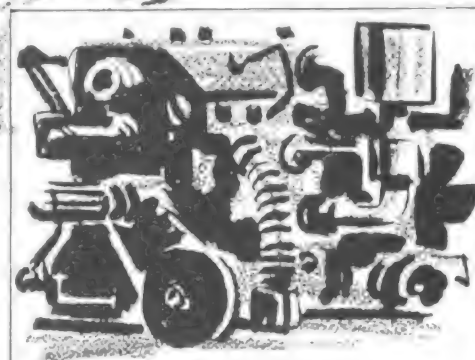
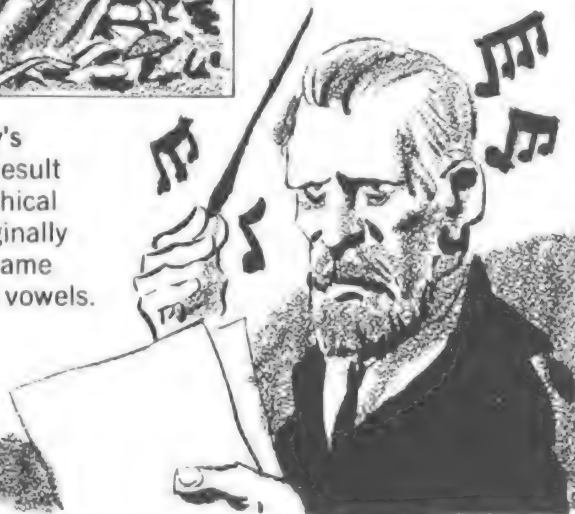
Mrs. Amanda Rosinth, of Grove City, Indiana, grew a grape the size of a watermelon! It had a hard, green rind and a red pulp containing 436 seeds! She was the only one in Indiana who realized that it was a grape!



Grass is not green!
It only looks that way
because of the color.



Tschaikowsky's name is the result of a typographical error! As originally spelled, his name contained no vowels.



The largest pencil sharpener in the world weighs over 27 pounds! However, it cannot sharpen pencils, and no one knows why it's called a pencil sharpener.

Sick Covers

THE INVENTORS SHOW

The age of miracles hasn't passed! Sick actually had a booth at the Coliseum in New York for the recent inventor's show. The miracle was that we weren't killed, since we found out later it was the Coliseum in Rome we were booked at—to be thrown to the lions! Yet, we went ahead and listed ourselves as the Inventive Satire Magazine. And the critics backed up our judgment by naming it the most dramatic exhibit in the place. Well, maybe they didn't say the most dramatic. What they said was, it was the saddest, most pitiful exhibit they ever came across!

One of the highlights of the show occurred when Plucky Paul Epstein, our penny-pinching publisher, gave a dollar to

expense money connected with the exhibit, and it was found impossible to get the cameras inside the men's room—where he was handing out towels! And speaking of men's rooms....



a playful chimp, who promptly ate his donation. Although Paul quickly recovered from his faint, it took our editor, Jolly Joe Simon, almost an hour to be revived. That buck was his monthly salary! The author of this piece, Friendly Fred Wolfe, wasn't present throughout these proceedings, due to a minor oversight. It seems he neglected to read the small print in his contract, which stipulated that his contribution to the show was to raise the extra



This is the fine paper stock, from which we make copies of Sick. Many readers of Sick convert their copies back to its original form. Some, even **before** they read it!



And here is a picture of our booth, upon which we lavished unlimited expense (a euphemism, meaning: we got back the deposit on six empty coke bottles, and used the dough to build it).



This is a candid shot of a rival exhibit at the show, with a new cigaret filter designed to eliminate the inhalation of tar; aptly named Tar-Stop. And, it really works. It stops the tar—right in the middle of your throat! Of course we're kidding, it works.



And here is another gasser! A machine to clean up polluted air. Mayor Lindsay was scheduled to attend this exhibit, but, unfortunately, he took a deep breath on the city's streets and passed out right in front of the Coliseum building.



Publisher Paul Epstein tries to sell the chimp an interest in Sick magazine (the chimp is the one in the middle) but, the chimp out-smarted him. He not only got controlling interest in the publication, but when last seen, Paul was heading for the Brooklyn Bridge—not to jump—to take possession—he had just bought it! P.S. To add insult to injury, the chimp also got the date with the model.



Plucky Paul and Cosa Nostra cartoonist B. Wiseman tried to hustle up some extra dough by posing as disabled war veterans and peddling poppies to the crowd. Unfortunately, the Narcotics Squad confiscated their poppy supply, but Paul and Bernie were able to make good their escape in this motorized wheel-chair.

TWISTS FROM THE LATE-LATE SHOW

Anyone who watches television can predict the outcome of those old movies which are shown over and over again on your late night TV screen. Remember the handsome young fellow goes off to college while the homely young chick next door whom he has hardly noticed, mourns his departure.

by B. Wiseman



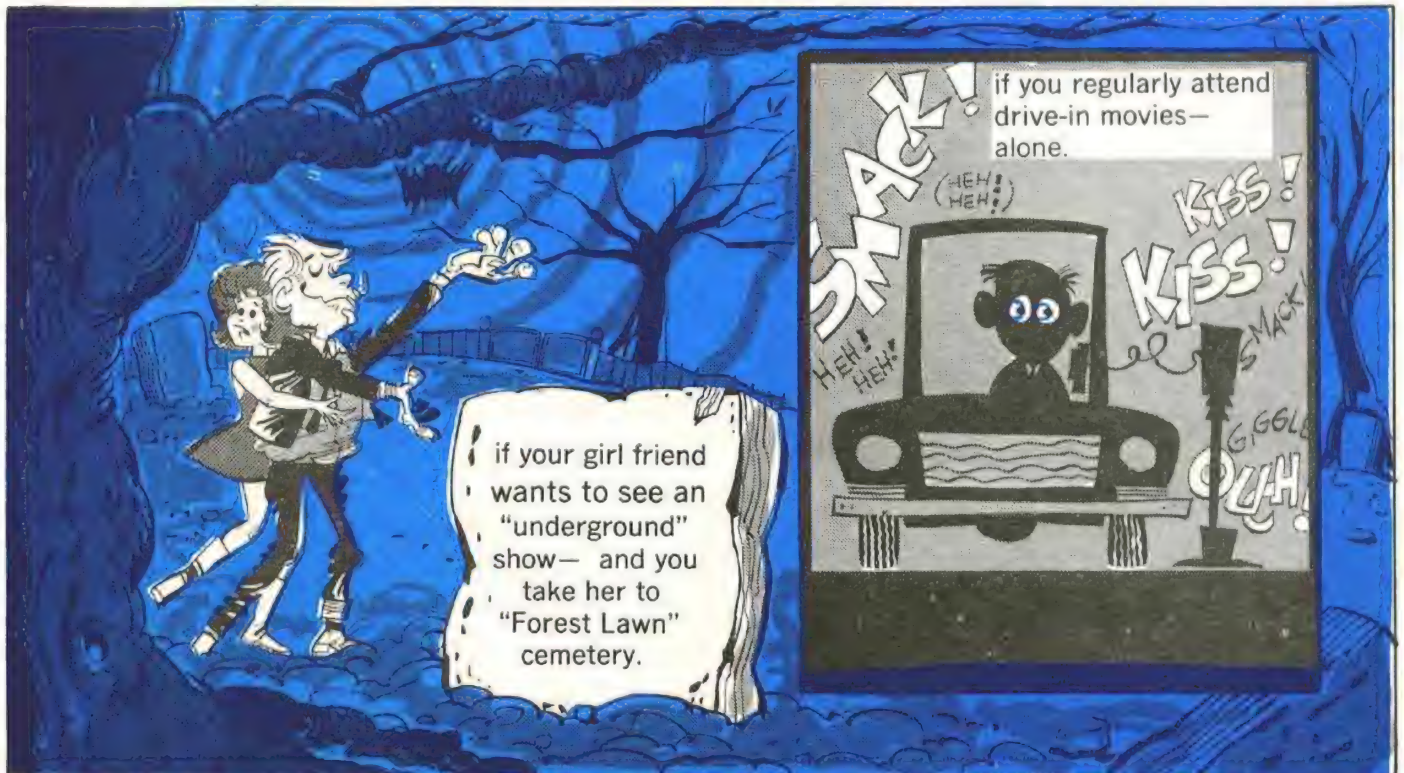
In our success-oriented society, only "Avis" and "Sick" can afford to come in second. So, to check your **strikeout potential**, we will help you to discover if:

YOU'RE STILL

if at college
you had them change your room-mate—
from a girl to a boy.



if you make a date
with a topless waitress—
and buy her a corsage.



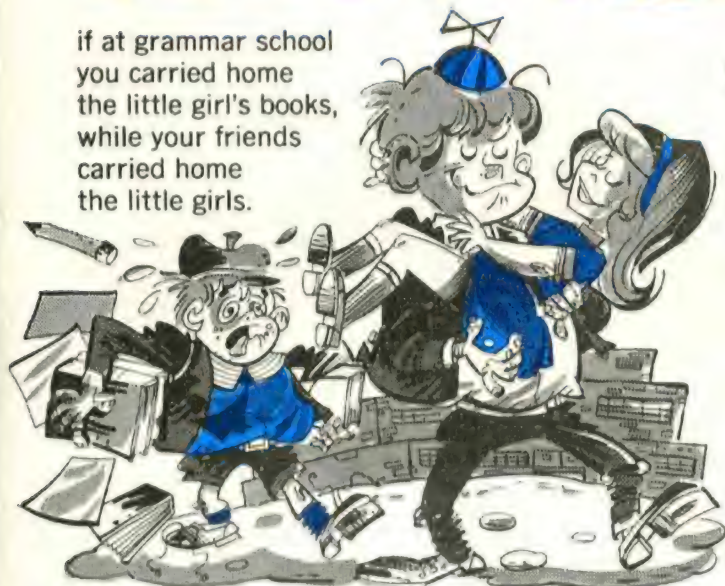
if your girl friend
wants to see an
"underground"
show— and you
take her to
"Forest Lawn"
cemetery.



if you regularly attend
drive-in movies—
alone.

NUMBER 2

if at grammar school
you carried home
the little girl's books,
while your friends
carried home
the little girls.



if you attend
a "love-in"
—and get mugged.



if you take your girl
to the zoo—
and she suffers
by comparison.



if you go to a stag party
where a naked girl comes out
of an angel cake—
and complain 'cause
it's not chocolate.

if your girl friend is
the center fold-out—
in "Popular Mechanix."

if you apply at
an automated dating service,
and the I.B.M. machine
rejects you.

if you're the kind of a guy
who hates mini-skirts—

but wears them anyway.

if you refuse to smoke
banana-skins—
unless they're
filter-tipped.

if everytime you propose
a toast,
you manage to smash
your girl friend's glass.

if you fall in love with a girl beatnik—
and her beard is longer than yours.

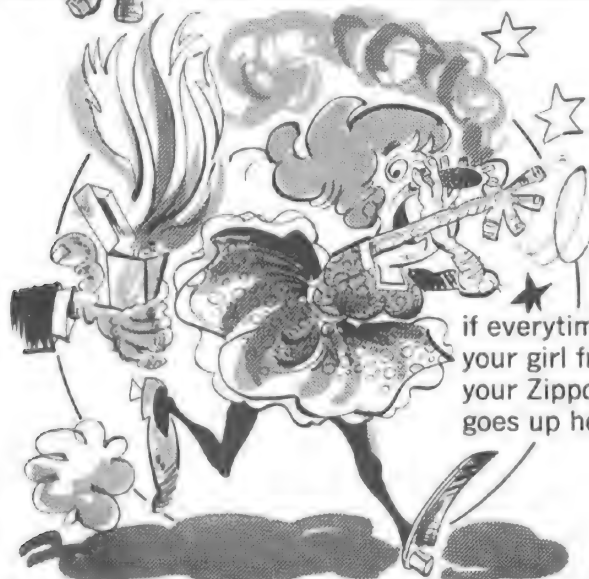


if you think "pop" art is
something your father does
on his day off.

if blind dates are afraid
to have you meet their friends.

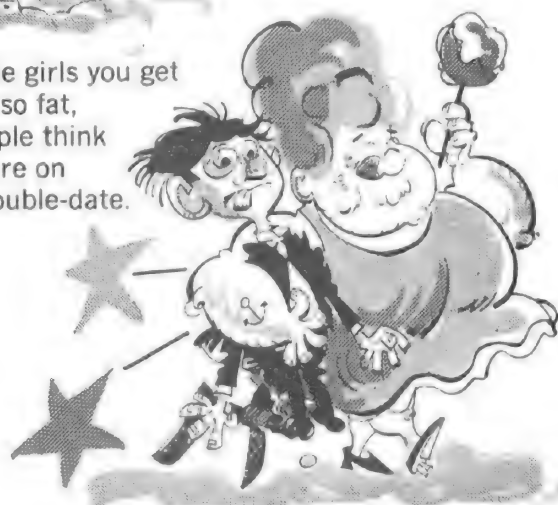


if after taking
a course with
Charles Atlas,
your girl friend
kicks sand in
your face.



if everytime you light
your girl friend's cigarette,
your Zippo flame
goes up her nostril.

if the girls you get
are so fat,
people think
you're on
a double-date.



TRENDS

Ordinary glass and porcelain bottles are disappearing. Milk is sold mainly in wax containers, beer and soft drinks in cans, and even baby-bottles are now often plastic. But true bottle lovers need not yet despair, for one great bottle stronghold still remains: Wines, whiskeys, rums

and gins still gurgle happily from the necks of the real thing. Breakable, yes, but tinted, painted, sculptured, gleaming and, unlike the wax and tin things, TRANSPARENT! You see the stuff you drink! And such as those below are objects of real beauty...



But tastes and styles change, so we cannot expect this state of affairs to last. Thus, SICK, a bottle-loving magazine from way back (the publisher read that Lord Bertrand Russell, who is 94 going on 95, drinks seven double Scotches a day) is quite concerned about the fate of bottles and, after extensive research at "IMPORTED BRANDS," importers and distributors in Brooklyn, N.Y., decided to help the bottle-makers stay on the ball by suggesting—

DESIGNS FOR BOTTLES OF THE FUTURE

by B. Wiseman

Red Hackle scotch, which Lord Russell (94 going on 95!) likes so much, is nicely bottled as you can see to the left here, but SICK thinks that...

they should capitalize on Lord Russell's longevity and his seven double drinks each day with this—

The illustration shows a bottle of Red Hackle scotch on the left. To its right is a bottle-shaped man with a face, arms, and legs. He is wearing a small cap and has a shield on his chest that says "Red Hackle" and "LIVE! LIVE! LIVE!". He is standing with his arms raised in a celebratory gesture.



And Hankey Bannister, in view of its popularity, could offer a psychological bottle for the protection of its ardent public?



Ron Del Barrilito, a rum which has all the magic of the tropics, might do a bit more to express this—maybe with some island-type bottles?

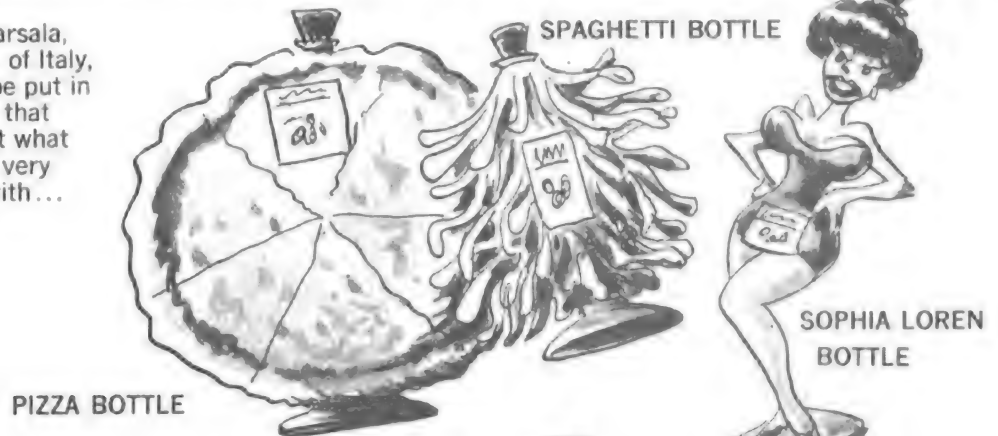


PALM TREE BOTTLE

BUM BOTTLE



And Marsala, by G.R. of Italy, could be put in bottles that suggest what it is so very good with...



PIZZA BOTTLE

SPAGHETTI BOTTLE

SOPHIA LOREN BOTTLE

"Kamotsuru" Sake, bottled now in the finest Japanese porcelain figurines, is drunk both HOT and COLD—so there might be:



HOT BOTTLES



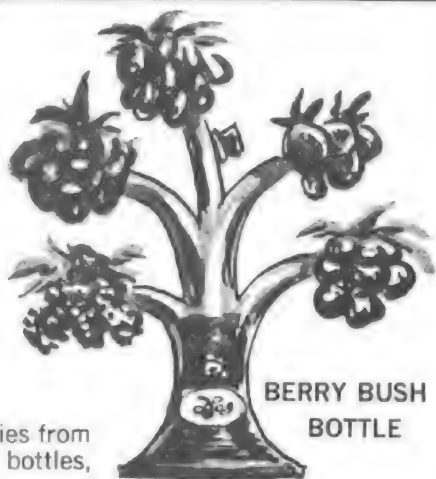
COLD BOTTLES

Migdal Slivovitz, Vodka, Brandy and Wishniak—from Israel—would certainly benefit by having a:



MOSHE DAYAN BOTTLE

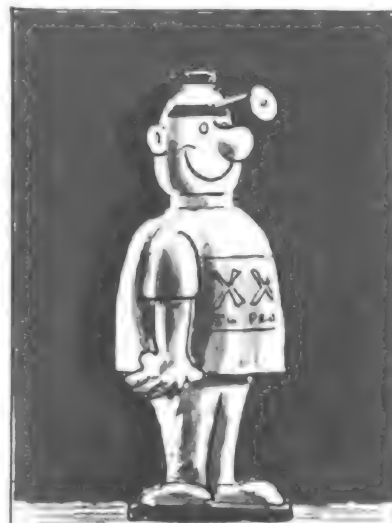




BERRY BUSH
BOTTLE

The famous Jelinek wine specialties from old Bohemia, with the bent-neck bottles, features fresh fruit wines, so...

For those who make stronger, more potent stuff, why not a BLAST-OFF BOTTLE?



A doctor-bottle for the folks who use the stuff medicinally...



For the big drinkers of all brands... a porcelain pachyderm?

And, finally, to keep all this tasty stuff out of the hands of children... HIC!



movie spoof

"The Dirty Dozen," does NOT concern the story of a sloppy baker who drops 12 doughnuts in a pile of sawdust and sells them to a near-sighted charwoman.

It DOES concern World War II, and it will be a long time, according to some critics, until we have a war movie as great as this. It may take three more

wars to produce another movie along this line. Either three wars or 15 years, whichever occurs first.

The movie is so exciting that it is being shown to our fighting men in drive-in theaters all over the country.

Even though it is violent, brutal, sadistic and mean, it was one of two pictures voted as Best Picture of the Year by a group of militant pacifists. The other picture was "Bob Dylan Sings the Three Stooges."



by Bill Majeski

Here is Army Officer Lee Marvin inspecting the Dirty Dozen who get dirtier from left to right. All these men are hardened criminals. They were hardened by a long-term aging process, left out in the tropical sun and shipped to the army compound by trained criminal shippers. The assignment for Marvin was to seek and destroy all the top German officers in one giant raid. As a result he

blew up 47 beer gardens—but no luck. He had to catch them in their headquarters and needed rough, tough men who didn't care whether they lived or died. So 12 New York cab drivers showed up. However, they were rejected when they were found to be too mean and cantankerous and wanted to leave their meters running while they were gone.



2—Ernest Borgnine is an officer in the picture and signed up only because he was promised he could have the three funniest men for McHale's Navy. He and Robert Ryan know that the mission ahead needs 12 of the dirtiest, rottenest, sneakiest, toughest, cold-blooded men alive. They know where these men are. They go to Hollywood and sign up agents. However, the agents refuse to work for the wages. In addition to the salary, the agents demand 10 per cent of the blood. Robert Ryan is carrying the field glasses to spy on a building housing a German girls' softball team. At least he *thinks* it's a girls' softball team. When he asks one of them a question she keeps saying, "Nein."

3—The attack begins. The criminals move in. These three stalwarts are all criminals. The bottom one was convicted of manslaughter. He killed his mother-in-law by hitting her over the head with a blunt object—his wife. The one above him is a thief. He's trying to steal the picture by blocking out the face of the man next to him. Most of the actors are very familiar. You've seen all their faces on post office walls. The Dirty Dozen consist of murderers, kidnappers, knife artists, gang fighters, car thieves and girl molesters. They were chosen by the producer after an extensive talent search among his relatives.





4—The battle is joined. Famed footballer Jimmy Brown, playing left flanker back with a machine gun, makes his screen debut in this film. In his next film he hopes to make his acting debut. The Americans abiding by their own rules, sneak up to their target, by hiding in a Red Cross wagon, disguised as penicillin cylinders. The man in the foreground was wounded when he was hit in the chops with a flying strudel. The men look tired here because they mistrust each other so much, they sleep with their eyes open. As you can see, all these men have itchy trigger fingers. Well, if you went 14 days without washing, you'd have itchy fingers too.

6—Well, the battle is over. The American bad guys won and here is their booty—girls fresh out of Fraulein Booty's School of Charm. After their officers were killed, these girls were won over by the GI's charm, wit, friendliness and chocolate bars. The prisoners who made victory possible are returned home and will be set free in America—probably to take up where they left off in their previous careers. They are being freed for life—with 20 years off for bad behavior.



5—The Americans gain entrance to the German officers' palatial hideaway by means of a clever ruse—40 machine guns, 30 hand grenades and a letter of introduction from General Eisenhower. The white-jacketed busboys surrender without a struggle. The German officers never tipped well anyhow. These roles were filled by disgruntled Good Humor men whose routes were in Detroit, Cleveland and Dayton. The Americans' surprise attack routs the Krauts. Before you can say Oberlieutenant Hans Flederow von Lufthaffelbrau the fighting is ended. But a three-hour fight is a tough one in any man's league. To honor the ex-cons, wardens of Leavenworth and Sing Sing have agreed to retire their former inmates' sweat shirts, never to be worn by a lifer again.





Wanted: Female type girl for correspondence. I am male type boy, 19, like classical music, sports cars, photography and girls. No "Hip" types please. Girl should be over 16, be great if she were very tall or short with very long or short hair. Write Paul P., Box 129, 1860 Montgomery Ave., Villanova, Pa.

Attention girls 16-20. Lonely, or have problems with your boyfriend. Send me your problems and I will try to help you with your problems as well as be a friend. Please send pictures. All letters will be answered. Write R. D., P. O. Box 221, Ruston, La. 71220

A U. S. male, sixteen years old, seeks correspondence with any or all girls in the 13-16 age-bracket. Please send pictures. All letters answered. I love U.F.O.s, The Monkees, and Paul Revere and The Raiders. Write to: Dick White, R.D. 2, Gloversville, N. Y. 12078

Wanted: penpal, male or female, preferably from Australia or any other English speaking foreign country. I am 15, 5'8", with dark brown hair and green eyes. I enjoy good books, The Monkees, folk music, surfing, and boating. I dislike uncultured people. My hobbies are stamp collecting, coin collecting, surfing, and suicide. Write to Scott Bliss, Edgewood Avenue, Westerly, R. I. 02891

Boy Wanted: About 15-17. Cute if possible! Must like water. My description: 14, blue eyes, cute, desperate for a boy penpal.

Will be freshman in John Rundle High School. Like: boys, fun, popular music, surfers, and boys that really like fun times. Chris Cook, Rt. 1, Big Creek, Miss. 38914

Wanted: Cute, intelligent, and tuff female-type penpal between 12-16 years old. I'm 14 years old, have hazel eyes, 5'6", weigh 110 lbs., make very high grades, enjoy groups, and would very much like a girl penpal cause I'm lonely. Enclose a pix if you can. I promise to answer all letters. Randy Dant, 5107 Helmuth Ave., Evansville, Indiana 47715

I am 16. Dig girls 13-16. Have brown hair, hazel eyes. I'm 5'10" and dig "love." Would like to hear from chicks that are hip. Right now, I am debating whether or not to try L.S.D. Should I? Have own Rock n' Roll group called "Operation: Sound." Groovey! Also like American cars—not the company, stupid!—motorcycles about 650 on up. Have Rompin 235, 4 speed, Jeep and Harley-Davidson 900. Will answer all if picture is sent. Bob Booth, RD 1, Box 65, Hackettstown, N.J. 07840

Would like boys (14-16) of gangs to write a girl (me) who is the leader of the Surfer Girls. Will answer all letters. I am blonde and have blue eyes. Bunny, 7251 LaCroix Drive, Hollywood, Florida 33024

Wanted: Penpals for a great guy. Preferably females. Long, short, blonde, black brown hair. Must have good figure. Des-

cription: height 6'1", weight-180, age-17, hair-black (long), eyes-brown. Likes: Stones, Donovan, Basketball, Girls. Dislikes: Work, Algebra, and quiet. Send picture to Joe Wrenn, Route 3, Fuquay-Varina, N.C. 27526.

Like Hi to all you animals out there! (This only concerns babes of the opposite sex.) Well, I'm 17 and I have brown hair and eyes. Barefoot I'm 5'11" and have one special sport and that is to freak out at love-ins. Requirements: 1. Must be 18-21 years old. 2. Must have a lot of flower power. 3. Must love Death poems. 4. Must be a babe of a boy. If you fit these requirements, please write to my pad and enclose a photograph. Miffy Voris, 10816 Stanmore Drive, Potomac Falls, Potomac, Md. 20854

I'm a girl of 14, owning brown eyes, blonde hair, and a height of 5'2". I am interested in the male species ages 14-18. I will answer all so anyone that qualifies write to: Judy Voye, 30619 Florence, Garden City, Mich. 48135.

I'm 15, 5'4" and I have blonde hair and blue eyes. Will answer letters from male or female age 15 to 18. Please write to Susan Gerencer, 169 S. Main St., Phillipsburg, N. J. 08865

People: (and otherwise) 15 year old poetess, intellectual, and genius would like to hear from anybody regardless of race, creed, or place of natural origin who thinks. Luvs: Simon and Garfunkel, Wil-



liam Carlos Williams, Salvador Dali. Will answer a hand-picked pen who don't think. Write Frederica Green, 21 King Street, Charleston, S. C. 29401

In my earthly disguise, I'm 5'6", brown-haired, brown eyed person, age 16. Actually, my name of Zane Stein is just a cover up. Normally I'm an inch shorter, and have two antennae. If any girl would like to find out how X-al (my real name) lived on the planet Sal, or how Zane Stein lives on earth, write to Zane Stein, 7930 Gilbert Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19150

Penpals wanted, male or female, 10-14. Must have good sense of humor. I am 12 years old, hobbies are swimming, fishing, and reading trash like this. Some of the things I like are girls, pretty females, and girls. Anybody write, send Pix. Scott Crouch, Rt. 3, Waxahachie, Texas 75165

Wanted from anyone: Males please, I am 5'6", have brown hair, shoulder length, weigh 130. Guys consider me as being groovy and sexy. I like surfing and Honda riding. I also love luv-ins, and groovy dances, also long hair and glasses on boys. I hate long dresses and all I wear are Mod clothes. Please enclose a picture. Will answer all letters. Julie Church, Menlo, Wash. 98561

Wanted girl 15 or 16. Must be good-looking. My description: Age 16, brown hair, brown eyes. My hobbies are Scuba Diving, Brums, Skiing, and diving. Write to Les Northway, 10151 Daria Place, Dallas, Texas 75229

I am a 15 year old, 5'9", 142 pound, hip, boss guy. Would like to correspond with cute, hip chicks around 14-15 years old. I have a very soft heart. A fun-loving, travel loving, girl loving guy. If you should decide to learn more about this lovable clod, please write to Gregory E. McKinney, 887 McDaniel Street, Atlanta, Ga. 30310.

Penpal wanted: It must be the girl I met at the Atlantis Hotel in Miami Beach. Her name is Lyda. I'm the one you kept calling Yankee. Eddie Danko, Spring Valley Rd., Ossining, N. Y.

Girl penpal wanted (sorry guys). Age 15 or 16, picture appreciated. My likes are John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and pop

SICK

Next Issue

A FULL-COLOR, GLOSSY CENTERFOLD NEW YEAR'S GIFT

VIOLENCE PROTEST "STICKERS"

music. For the surprise of your life, write to Lower Slobovia and if no answer, try Geebee Gordon, 552 Park Road, South, Oshawa, Ontario, Canada.

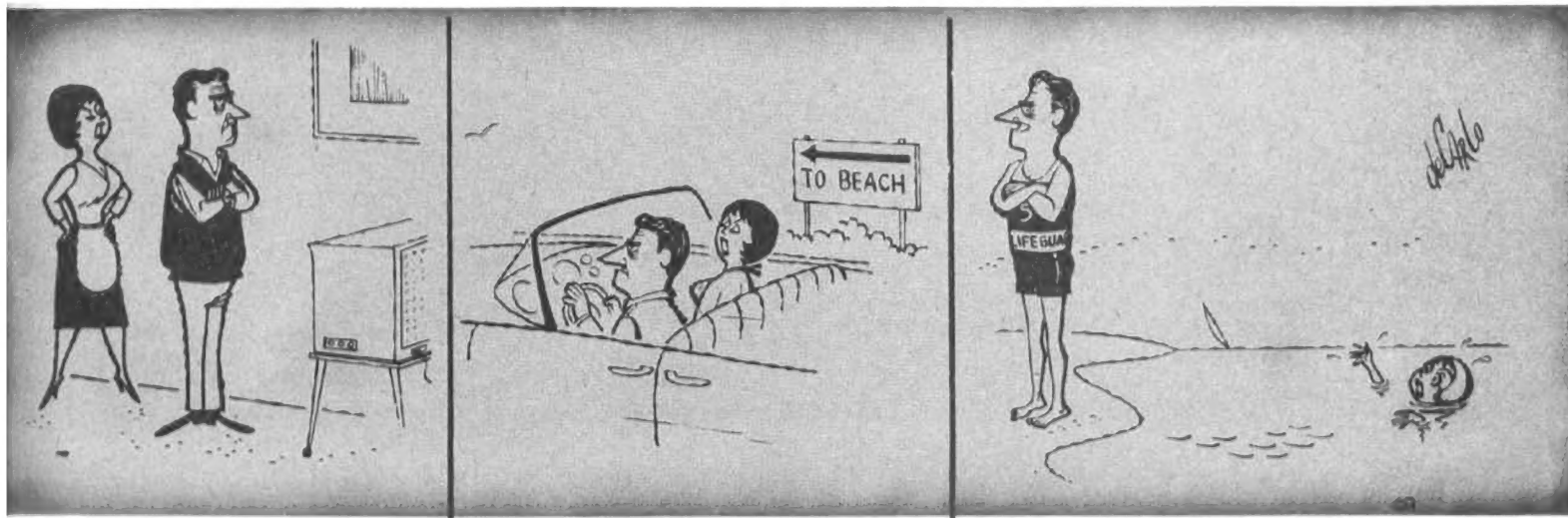
Penpal wanted age 14 to 19. I am 14, blonde hair, blue eyes and 5'5". I luv brown and blonde and black hair. I like the Monkees, Blue Magoos, motorcycles, music and dancing. My hobbies are dancing, swimming, roller skating, and motorcycles. Debbie Cantrell, 106 Forrest Hill Drive, Anderson, S. C. 29621

Penpal wanted: Would like any female age 12-14 to write. I am 14 years old, 5'9" tall, long dark brown hair, like long-haired girls, mod clothes, and swimming. So if you are a girl, or even a boy, write to Pete Burzlaff, 621 Main Street, Marinette, Wis. 54143


Wanted: Female, age 12-14. Any type of girl, as long as personality standards are high, and has good sense of humor. I'm 13, 5'4", black hair and brown eyes. Luke Brown, Greenbriar Lane, Stamford, Conn. 06903.

Wanted: Girl type female penpal. Must be 14, Blonde. I am 5'10", brown hair and brown eyes. I like swimming and girls. Send picture to Wayne Robinson, Box 252, Louise, Texas. 77455.

17 year old male would like for some curvey females to drop a few lines to me. I have light brown hair, green eyes and 5'11". All letters will be answered. I love motorcycles, music, surfing and girls. Ronnie Dodson, 178 Tillman, Memphis, Tenn. 38111.



A SICK FAIRY TALE



Once upon a time there was a handsome young man and he went on a long ocean voyage. Everything was going well until he was two days out to sea. It was then that something terrible happened. His boat capsized and sunk to the bottom.



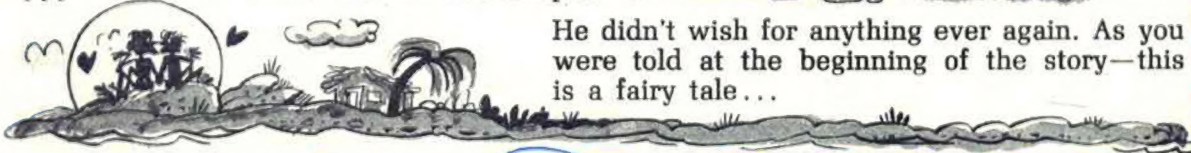
All the people on the boat were drowned, except for our handsome young man who clung desperately to a life raft. He drifted for days and days until one day he came upon a small and lonely island. It was a lovely lonely island and it had plenty of food and trees and sunshine and warm sea air to breathe. Our handsome young man soon built himself a hut and settled down to a life of quiet peace and contentment. Only one thing was missing. This was a woman with



whom he could share his blissful paradise. And so our handsome young man sat and brooded and thought and prayed for a woman to join him on the island. All was forlorn until one day a strange thing happened. Another boat sank and another person was cast ashore. Lo and behold it was another handsome young man just like our handsome young man. And lo and behold our handsome young man was deliriously happy to see him and soon his life was complete.



He didn't wish for anything ever again. As you were told at the beginning of the story—this is a fairy tale...



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BIG SICK BIRTHDAY ANNUAL



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IN 7 YEARS OF SICK

HERE ARE THE SATIRE CLASSICS OF THE DECADE! SKITS THAT WERE REPEATED ON BROADWAY REVUES! THAT WAS THE WEEK THAT WAS! THE JACK PAAR SHOW! AND BY MANY OF THE TOP COMEDIANS AND MONOLOGISTS! ALL IN ONE FABULOUS! BIRTHDAY! SPECIAL!



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DOG MASCOT
HUCKLEBERRY FINK.
Hang it in your den! club-
house! bedroom! or class-
room! This clod is so pitiful,
just looking at him is guar-
anteed to make you feel
superior! Will brighten your
world! build you up! bring
happiness and confidence!
Also a good luck piece!

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Besides a barrage of our most sickening features, this hilarious publication will contain **THE MOST COMPLETE PICTORIAL HUMOR HISTORY BOOK** ever published.

Furthermore, for our valuable bonus we commissioned Mad's (remember them?) most famous artist, Jack Davis (remember him?) to paint the second in our "LET US ENTERTAIN YOU" series of Pop Art Masterpieces—**THE BURNING OF ROME** (remember that?). This rich, full-color painting features the SICK Laugh King of his time, the ever-popular Nero. It's a two-page glossy extravaganza, ideal for framing, that is worth **far more** than the 50¢ price of the whole magazine. We urge you to add to your "Let Us Entertain You" collection—or start your collection now! This fabulous reproduction has been hailed as **the** all-time pop-art showpiece!

Handy dandy coupon for your convenience . . . or send note . . . but above all, send money.

SICK MAGAZINE
32 West 22 Street
New York, N. Y. 10010

- ☐ Being a person of distinction, I am already the owner of the **BIG SICK ANNUAL #1** and, to complete my "LET US ENTERTAIN YOU" collection, I am enclosing **50¢** for which you will rush me the new **BIG SICK YEARBOOK**
- ☐ I enclose **\$1.00** for which I will receive both the **BIG ANNUAL** and the **BIG YEARBOOK**, which I will promptly mutilate in order to secure the two fabulous pop art masterpieces.
- ☐ I am too cheap to buy both the magnificent **ANNUAL** and the Incredible **YEARBOOK**, so I enclose **50¢** for one. Mainly, the . . .
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CHIMP GOES APE OVER SICK —

Egor the actor, a professional simian, relaxes with his favorite reading matter between his chores at the recent Inventors Show. For live coverage, see page 34.